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SIXPENCE.

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FIXING THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE LOSS OF £1,500,000: THE "MONTAGU" COURT MARTIAL.

SKETCHES BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD THE "VICTORY."—[SEE "THE WORLD'S NEWS."]

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE the greatest regard for Mr. G. R. Sims, but I think that he sometimes lets his poetic nature sweep him away. I can, for example, fully understand the tendency of his type of Imperialism, and I do not complain that it leads him to echo Mr. Chamberlain's pessimism about the dangers to English trade, especially about its alleged defeat at the hands of Germany. I admit that I know nothing about Germany myself, and I admit that our leading Imperialists know a great deal, many of them having even been born there; but though I know little of Germany, I do know something about Cheapside and the neighbourhood of the Bank, and when I read Mr. Sims's description of it in this week's *Reveree*, I felt an astonishment which would have verged on terror if it had not verged on incredulity. This is what Mr. Sims says about the decay of English trade—

In many parts of London, Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, and other great business centres, the prevalent language in the business quarters is not English. In London itself you may, at the hour the city lunches, enter restaurant after restaurant in the region lying round the Bank of England, and not hear a word of English spoken by the clamouring *clientèle*.

I cannot say, of course, that I have ever tested this in all its details. I never go into restaurant after restaurant, as I generally find that I can get all that I want in one, even if the resources of the establishment stagger for a moment under the strain. But of every restaurant which I have actually entered it would be a decided exaggeration, to say the least of it, to say that I have never heard a word of English spoken. I have on several occasions distinctly heard phrases—nay, fragments of sentences in my own tongue, pierce through the babel of Greek, Roumanian, Portuguese, Persian, Patagonian, Lap, Jap, and Debased Choctaw, which is (as we all know) the ordinary buzz of the conversation round the Bank of England. Mr. Sims may or may not believe me, but I have heard English in City restaurants, English of the most unmistakable—nay, emphatic, kind. I have walked down Cheapside without a professional interpreter, and have even bought things in shops without a dictionary and a phrase-book. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Sims's statement is an exaggeration of the rout or exclusion of the English. And the very peculiar thing is this: that it is men of the same school of thought (Mr. Sims's school of thought) who exaggerate the rout of the English and who also exaggerate the supremacy of the English. The men who talk as if there were nobody but Englishmen in the world are the men who declare that there are no Englishmen at all in Moorgate Street. The whole of Mr. Sims's appeal from which I have quoted an extravagant fragment is a most merciless attack on the English for being inefficient. He says that the gospel of England is the gospel of inefficiency, that the whole community is saturated with it, that we are "inefficient politically and commercially."

But in all probability if I were to ask Mr. Sims why we took over the Boer government, he would say because the English could rule the country better. If I were to ask him why the Irish should not have Home Rule, he would very probably say, because the Irish are inefficient. The Imperialists wish to cover the world with the gospel of England. And yet it is the gospel of inefficiency! I think Mr. Sims quite right to seek to awaken a sense of sin in all of us; but these illogicalities merely confirm the sin which is peculiarly our own. Our chief fault is precisely this lazy readiness to think a thing black and white at the same time. We call it a compromise.

I do not believe myself that the English practical compromises have really been practical at all. They always consist in solving the problem of the justice of anybody's claim by giving him rather less than he asked for; by which ingenious method you do no justice to him if he is right and do enormous injustice to others if he is wrong. In many cases moderation is the most frantic and ludicrous course that we can adopt; yet in those cases we are constantly adopting it. If ever we seriously discuss Mr. Chamberlain's design that every peasant should have three acres and a cow, the upshot will most probably be that every peasant will have two acres and a calf. If ever we face the proposal to give men pensions when they are old, it will probably be amended by somebody, amended perhaps so that men only get a pension if they have died of old age. If ever Parliament debates properly about "One Man One Vote," watch the debate carefully, and see in what form the proposition finally emerges. Unless you are careful Parliament will decide on the principle of "One and a Half Man Two and a Quarter Votes," and then call it a sturdy Saxon compromise, such as has made our people strong. The curse of our nation is that it will not understand that consistency and intellectual sincerity are not only better, but very much quicker, than compromise. We will not understand that a straight line is the nearest distance between two points. We think it more practical to wander, and our dream

of a business-like directness can be best expressed in the old formula of the man who went straight down the crooked lane and all round the square.

Yet, after all, the absurdity of these political and moral compromises of ours can be sufficiently shown by the fact that we never apply them to anything else except politics and morals. The governing classes tell us when they are in Parliament that it is better to go slow than fast; but we do not notice it when they are in their motors. They tell us that we must take what we can get, that it is better to have half a loaf. But although, often, under the influence of Stock Exchange misfortunes, our Dukes cut down their stables, I never heard of them cutting them down to half a horse. They tell us that it is better to exist in a medium condition, to have a constitution which steers between extremes, to be neither completely the one thing nor completely the other. Yet they display no enthusiasm for luke-warm beef. They say (with Jacobin violence) that they would prefer it entirely cold. When we hear the phrase "all or nothing," we are accustomed to regard it as a sublime and desperate and reckless utterance, with more than a limit in it of splendid suicide. But "all or nothing" is really a simple and solid piece of common sense which any one of us would apply to half the actual things of this earth. A man may or may not desire a private omnibus; but certainly he desires all of the private omnibus or nothing of it. To be solemnly presented with the two hind wheels (with a speech from the Mayor, as a mark of the confidence of his fellow-townsmen) would give him very little permanent pleasure. I heard a man the other day speak of having had a white elephant left on his hands. It struck me as a rather colossal metaphor; it sounded like an advertisement of Mr. Sandow. But in any case a man might really desire to possess a white elephant. But I cannot imagine anyone desiring to possess portions of a white elephant. They would occupy considerable space in the parlour or back yard and give us genuine excitement; for the hind legs of a real elephant, unlike those of the superior or pantomime elephant, cannot run about by themselves. And it seems to me that our modern England is very much too like a lumber-room full of fragments of things, too small to effect their own purposes, too large to permit other purposes to be effected. We have feudal elements not strong enough to make a feudal system. We have democratic elements not strong enough to make a democratic system. And so when everybody has got in the way of everybody else, we know that nothing can be done, and we have a profound sense of security and peace; we have reached that condition which we call a compromise, and which everyone else calls a deadlock.

A good case of this insane moderation can be found, I think, in that peculiar kind of aristocracy which is the whole origin of British snobbishness. The British people had roughly but really to decide (about the time of the French Revolution and after) whether they would have aristocracy or democracy; and they decided, characteristically enough, to have both. They created a democracy which admired high birth; and they created an aristocracy which was willing to waive it. Many have spoken of the fact that our English aristocracy is free and fluctuating, and constantly recruited from below, as one of the sources of English greatness. I believe it to be the greatest curse and greatest weakness of our present position. Many have boasted that the English aristocracy is the one aristocracy that is open. I say, if you have an aristocracy, in heaven's name keep it shut. I am a democrat myself, but I am quite convinced that men can be happy and sane—yes, and even self-respecting—under an aristocracy—so long as that aristocracy is fixedly and fiendishly exclusive. When a class is really set beyond our reach, there is no snobbishness. When a position is really, as far as we are concerned, impossible, we forget all about it; it does not fill us with that fever of social passions which is the disgrace of England, that ferment of mean hatreds and even meaner loves. Nobody thinks about the impossible. Nobody goes to bed in a bad temper because he is not the King. If the aristocratic position in England were as much beyond every man's reach as is the royal position, we should not have the worst element in our social system. We should not have that odour and omnipresence of class distinctions which divides caretaker from caretaker and tears asunder the beautiful brotherhood of grocer with grocer. For that is the essential difference and the main result of our loose and open aristocratic system. The Prussian aristocrat is an aristocrat; it amuses him and the others forget all about him. But the English gardener is an aristocrat to the English under-gardener. That is the only result of half-abolishing the aristocracy. The peerage is vulgarised without being democratised. The nation has all the servility of the oppressed and at the same time all the confusion of the lawless. Men put as much riot and restlessness and labour and agony into the task of knowing a Duke as would under happier circumstances suffice to guillotine him.

SAVING ENGLAND FROM VANDALS.

THE WORK OF THE NATIONAL TRUST.

(See Illustrations.)

THE recent declaration by the Speaker of the House of Commons of Gowbarrow Fell, or Ullswater, as open to the public under the direction of the National Trust, marks another stage in the growth of that society. It is, therefore, a favourable moment to reflect upon the history and work of the Trust. Founded in a small way, but under promising auspices, eleven years ago, the Trust has now grown to a position of such influence as to be able to raise nearly £13,000 by public subscription, and thus to add to its "national gallery of natural pictures" a Cumbrian mountain which is one of the chief features of what many think the most beautiful of all the English lakes.

The preservation of Gowbarrow Fell, with the adjoining Aira Glen, meadow, and lake shore, is alone sufficient to justify the existence of the Trust; but this is not its first achievement; it has been led up to by gradual steps. The governing body of the Trust has very wisely been feeling its way, and has at earlier stages tested and proved its ability to acquire and to manage property on a smaller scale, and it now owns twenty-four properties situated in various parts of the country and amounting in all to some 1700 acres in extent. Besides "open spaces" such as Gowbarrow or Brandlehow (on Derwentwater), or Barras Head (on the North Cornish coast), or Ide Hill (near Sevenoaks, overlooking the broad expanse of the Weald of Kent), or the extensive commons on Hindhead which have just been given to it, the Trust holds some representative specimens of ancient domestic architecture, which have been in danger of destruction or decay; but which under the ægis of the society will now remain as lasting monuments of the art or the history of this country. Thus it holds the old Clergy House at Alfriston, near Seaford, a quaint and charming relic of pre-Reformation religious life, which serves also as an admirable example of fourteenth-century house-planning. At Salisbury it has preserved the beautiful exterior of the hall of one of the city guilds as a relic of mediæval town life. At Duffield, in Derbyshire, it has a property in the Castle site which affords a link to connect our thoughts with the military history of the past. At Long Crendon, in Buckinghamshire, it has an illustration of manorial history. In Kanturk Castle, County Cork, it has a grand specimen of Irish Elizabethan architecture, a house which promised (for it was never quite completed) to be comparable to the great English palaces of those "spacious times," while yet retaining of necessity a military strength not needed by "Countess Bess" when she built—

Hardwick Hall,
More glass than wall.

The Trust is at the present time appealing for sufficient funds (£700 only required) to effect the preservation of Barrington Court, a Tudor house of singular beauty, but in great need of protection from neglect and decay, which is situated near Ilminster and derives to the full the æsthetic advantages which propinquity to the Ham Hill stone quarries can confer. There is no one who has seen Barrington Court, and admired the mellow beauty of its Ham stone, the rare purity of its lines, the grandeur of its proportions and its quiet dignity, or delighted in its twisted finials and chimneys, but will hope that this building, too, will pass into the hand of a body specially constituted and specially suited to secure its preservation. A list of the properties of the National Trust may be of interest and is given elsewhere. We would add that the office of the Society is at 25, Victoria Street, S.W., and that the Secretary, Mr. Nigel Bond, will gladly furnish further particulars of the work of the Trust to those who are interested in its aims.

The ownership of properties is the primary and peculiar duty of the Trust, but, of course, such a body aims also at stimulating, voicing, and organising public opinion. By its influence as well as by acquisition it has been able to save places of historic or artistic interest from destruction or vulgarisation. In other countries its work is largely undertaken by the State. Here in England we leave, perhaps wisely, such work to voluntary associations. But that we do so should not make us minimise the importance of the work nor forget that the greatness even of a nation of shopkeepers depends no less on the cultivation of "high thinking" than on physical welfare or special training. We cannot afford now to overlook the educational value of historic association or the recuperative value of unspoiled nature in the holiday resorts of our workers.

There can be no reasonable doubt that as the work of the Trust becomes more and more widely known, and as the public come to appreciate the benefits it confers, a more sane and reverent spirit towards our country's historic monuments and natural beauties will be evolved. Too long has the hand of Vandalism had its way. Priceless relics and irreplaceable scenery have been destroyed or disfigured, with hardly a word of protest. But now the National Trust has shown how it is possible to protect these precious things, to be a joy to ourselves and to our children's children.

THE EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEPH.

ON Saturday last the Emperor of Austria celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday, and the occasion was one of special rejoicing. At Marienbad King Edward gave a dinner-party in honour of the event, and in proposing the health of the aged Sovereign expressed the hope that he may be spared for many years to reign in full health for the happiness and welfare of his great Empire. Throughout Austria-Hungary that wish will find a loud and prolonged echo, for Kaiser Franz Josef has had as difficult a task as ever fell to ruler in holding together the two unruly halves of his divided empire. In the past few years things have been going from bad to worse, and the Emperor's concessions to the Magyars, while not availing quite to satisfy their aspirations, have given offence to the Austrians. In spite of the quarrels that are so bitter and long-sustained, all parties unite in admiring their supreme head, who has laboured for many years in an almost hopeless cause with a singleness of purpose and a spirit of self-sacrifice that are wholly admirable. While he lives there is hope for the Dual Empire.

REFORMS FOR RUSSIA.

ALTHOUGH the internal condition of Russia seems to be going from bad to worse, and outrage, attended by bloodshed, is reported from every corner of the Empire, M. Stolypin, the Russian Premier, lacks neither hopes nor programme. He has declared to an interviewer that the late Duma was composed of sincere and honest men, who lacked concrete intelligence. He hopes that there will be a Conservative party in the next Duma, and that there will be better all-round representation in consequence. M. Stolypin considers that the peasants' need for land has been exaggerated, and that expropriation is no better than pillage. At the same time, the Government proposes to distribute large quantities of land at low prices to the peasantry before the next Duma elections are due, presumably to aid the creation of the Conservative party that M. Stolypin would welcome. It is further decided in principle to grant the Jews certain educational facilities, and to introduce compulsory education into Russia from the beginning of next year. The cost of this movement is set down at the very modest figure of five hundred thousand pounds. In view of the very small chance of securing a further loan in the immediate future, severe retrenchment will be practised in every department of State, and the estimated saving should turn the Treasury balances to the right side. Unfortunately most of the measures for reform are confined to paper, and though the plans of the Revolutionists have received a severe set-back, there is no ground for hoping that they will retire from the contest with the Imperial Government. The Governor-General of Poland is the latest victim of the unrest. He has been injured by a bomb, thrown at him from a house in Warsaw.

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THE SIN OF GEORGE WARRENER. By MARIE VAN VORST. (2nd Impression.) "Nobody who loves good fiction should miss this book."—Standard.

THINGS THAT ARE CÆSAR'S. By H. N. DICKINSON. "Delightfully fresh and fascinating from cover to cover."—Newcastle Chronicle.

WHAT BECAME OF PAM. By the BARONESS VON HUTTEN, Author of "Pam." (4th Impression.) "Pam" was good. "What Became of Pam" is better."—Saturday Review.

THE BANDS OF ORION. By CAROLINE GROSVENOR. (2nd Impression.) "Mrs. Grosvenor's story is one in a thousand, a revelation of rare talent."—Literary World.

FELICITY IN FRANCE. By CONSTANCE E. MAUD, Author of "An English Girl in Paris." "We have no doubt that Felicity will be responsible for many a tour in sunny France this summer."—Pall Mall Gazette.

MEMOIRS OF MY DEAD LIFE. By GEORGE MOORE, Author of "Esther Waters," &c. (New and Rev'd Edition.) London: WM. HEINEMANN.

LONDON HIPPODROME. TWICE DAILY. At 2 and 8 p.m. AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

Royal Movements.

The meeting between King Edward and the Kaiser would seem to have realised all expectations. While there has been an attempt to minimise its political significance, the presence of the British Ambassador to Berlin and the head of the German Foreign Office invests the meeting with no small measure of State importance. The German official Press goes so far as to say that serious political questions were broached at Friedrichshof, and were discussed with the view of "still further consolidating European peace," and sees in the meeting a further step towards "a gradual improvement in the relations between the peoples, Governments, and rulers of Germany and Great Britain." King Edward has proceeded to Marienbad, where he is now taking the cure, and Queen Alexandra, accompanied by the Princess Victoria, left London on Saturday last for Norway and Denmark. It is probable that her Majesty will return to England in time to proceed to Balmoral and meet King Edward there on his return from Germany. In the meantime, the Prince of Wales, after shooting with the Duke of Devonshire on the moors round Bolton Priory in Yorkshire, has proceeded to Tulchan Lodge, where he is the guest of Mr. Arthur Sassoon for the grouse-shooting at Advie. The King of Spain, after enjoying excellent sport in Scotland and demonstrating his qualifications to be considered a first-class shot, returned to Southampton, and left on the royal yacht *Giralda* for Bilbao and San Sebastian.



Photo, Parker.

REAR-ADMIRAL CROSS,

President of the "Montagu" Court Martial.

The young King of Spain is nothing if not a sportsman—at times, much to the consternation of certain of the more nervous members of his suite—and he once again proved the other day that he can claim to rank with the first-rate shots of the hour. Taking part in a competition at the Isle of Wight Gun Club after his return from Scotland, he first tied with three other members, and finally won the Club's cup. The trophy was duly presented to him by Mrs. Howard-Brooke, wife of the Master of the Isle of Wight Foxhounds, acting on behalf of the Club.



Photo, Russell.

MR. J. W. CARTER,

Police Superintendent Honoured by the King.

in company with his chauffeur, has gained the most prominence. The Prince, it appears, sought to drive his car over a level-crossing near Bernay in the belief that he could get across before an approaching train was dangerously near him. The belief was only too ill-founded, and car and engine collided at terrific speed. Both occupants of the car were thrown some distance, the car itself was smashed to atoms, and the engine of the train was damaged. The chauffeur was killed almost at once; his master lingered a little in Bernay Hospital. The Prince, who made his home in Paris, in the Rue de la Faisanderie, near the Bois de Boulogne, was married to his cousin, Princess Hilmi, and had two children. At the time of his death he was staying at Deauville.

Portraits.

Baron Jularo Komura, who has succeeded Viscount Hayashi, as Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, arrived in London on Aug. 16. Baron Komura has had a long and distinguished official career, but his chief claim to eminence is the part he played during the peace negotiations which brought the Russo-Japanese War to a close. Baron Komura belongs to the Samurai, and was one of the first of the young Japanese to be sent abroad to be educated. He went to Harvard, and was the first Japanese who graduated there. On his return to Japan he became chief of the bureau of translation in the Department of Foreign Affairs, and for many years he lived in great poverty in order to pay off a debt of



Photo, Hughes and Mullins.

THE GUN CLUB CUP WINNER: KING ALFONSO AND HIS PRIZE.

Victor in the clay-pigeon match at the Isle of Wight.

his father's. Just before the Chino-Japanese War he was sent to Peking as Attaché, and after the war he was appointed as Minister to Korea. Later

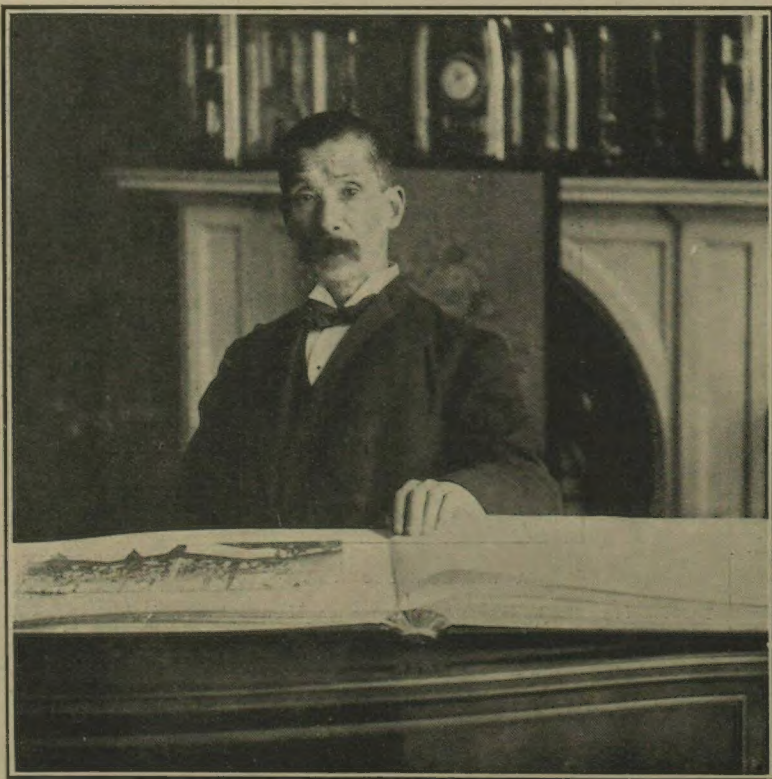


Photo, Tresca.

SHOT THE LEVEL-CROSSING TOO LATE: THE RASH MOTORIST PRINCE MOHAMMED IBRAHIM.

Cousin of the Khedive. Fatally injured in trying to evade a train at a French level-crossing.

he represented Japan at Washington, at St. Petersburg, and again at Peking, where he took part in the Conference that followed the Boxer Rebellion.



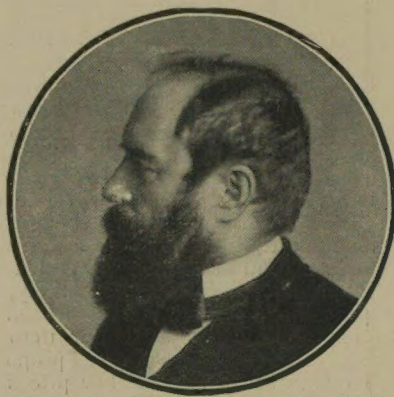
THE NEW JAPANESE AMBASSADOR: BARON KOMURA AT THE EMBASSY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HALFTONES, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.

Rear-Admiral Charles Henry Cross, who presided over the court martial held upon Captain Adair and Lieutenant Dathan for the loss of H.M.S. *Montagu*, commands the Reserve Division at Portsmouth. He was born in 1852, and entered the Navy in 1866. In 1887 he became Commander; in 1894 Captain, and in June of last year he was promoted Rear-Admiral.

Mr. J. W. Carter, the superintendent in charge of the Metropolitan Police at Portsmouth Dockyard, has been honoured by the King with the Victorian Order of the 5th Class. The King made the presentation when he was leaving Cowes. The Order has been conferred in recognition of Mr. Carter's services on the several occasions that his Majesty has visited Portsmouth.

Sir Joseph Neale McKenna died on Aug. 15 at his residence, Ardogen, County Waterford. Sir Joseph was born in Dublin in 1819, and was the eldest son of the late Mr. Michael McKenna of that city. He was educated at Trinity College, and was called to the Irish Bar in 1849. He acquired a great reputation as a financier, and was for a time chairman of the National Bank. At the General Election of 1865 he contested Youghal, but was defeated. He was again defeated twice, and it was not until 1873 that he took his seat in the House as member for Youghal. After the Redistribution Act of 1885 the borough of Youghal was merged in the division of East Cork, and as Sir Joseph did not get sufficient support in that constituency, he was selected, and returned for South Monaghan. For the last quarter of a century he had taken an active part in the agitation against the alleged over-taxation of Ireland.



Photo, Russell.

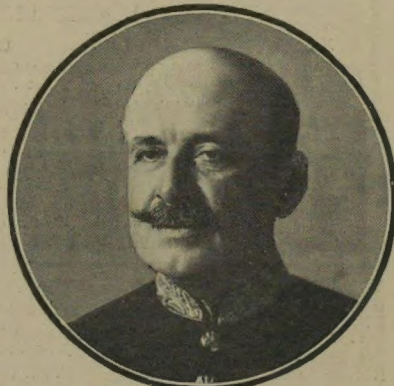
THE LATE SIR J. N. MCKENNA,

Formerly M.P. for Youghal.

Mr. John Prescott Hewitt has been appointed by the King to be Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. Mr. Hewitt, who is a Companion of the Order of the Star of India, will succeed Sir J. D. La Touche, K.C.S.I., whose term of office will shortly expire.

The "Montagu" Court-Martial.

The court martial which inquired into the loss of H.M.S. *Montagu* sat on board the *Victory* at Portsmouth under the presidency of Rear-Admiral Cross. On Aug. 20, after an exhaustive trial, the Court found that Captain Adair and Lieutenant Dathan were responsible for the stranding of the vessel on Lundy Island on May 30 last. The Court sentenced Captain Adair to be severely reprimanded and dismissed his ship, and Lieutenant Dathan to be severely reprimanded, to be dismissed his ship, and to forfeit two years' seniority. The *Montagu's* Captain had been instructed to carry out experiments in wireless telegraphy, and these prevented his giving constant attention to the navigation. Fog came down, certain miscalculations in reckoning arose, and at a time when the ship was believed to be some distance from land she ran aground. Much sympathy is felt with Captain Adair, as his duty to his Admiral necessitated his presence in the wireless telegraphic room. The sentences are severe, but so admirable is the record of both officers that the penalties may be revised by the Admiralty. In ordinary circumstances a Captain reprimanded and dismissed his ship is not employed again, but this is hardly likely in Captain Adair's case. Lieutenant Dathan's loss of seniority means that 160 Lieutenants, now his juniors, must be promoted before him. The discipline of the crew when the vessel struck has earned the highest praise.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

MR. J. PRESCOTT HEWITT,

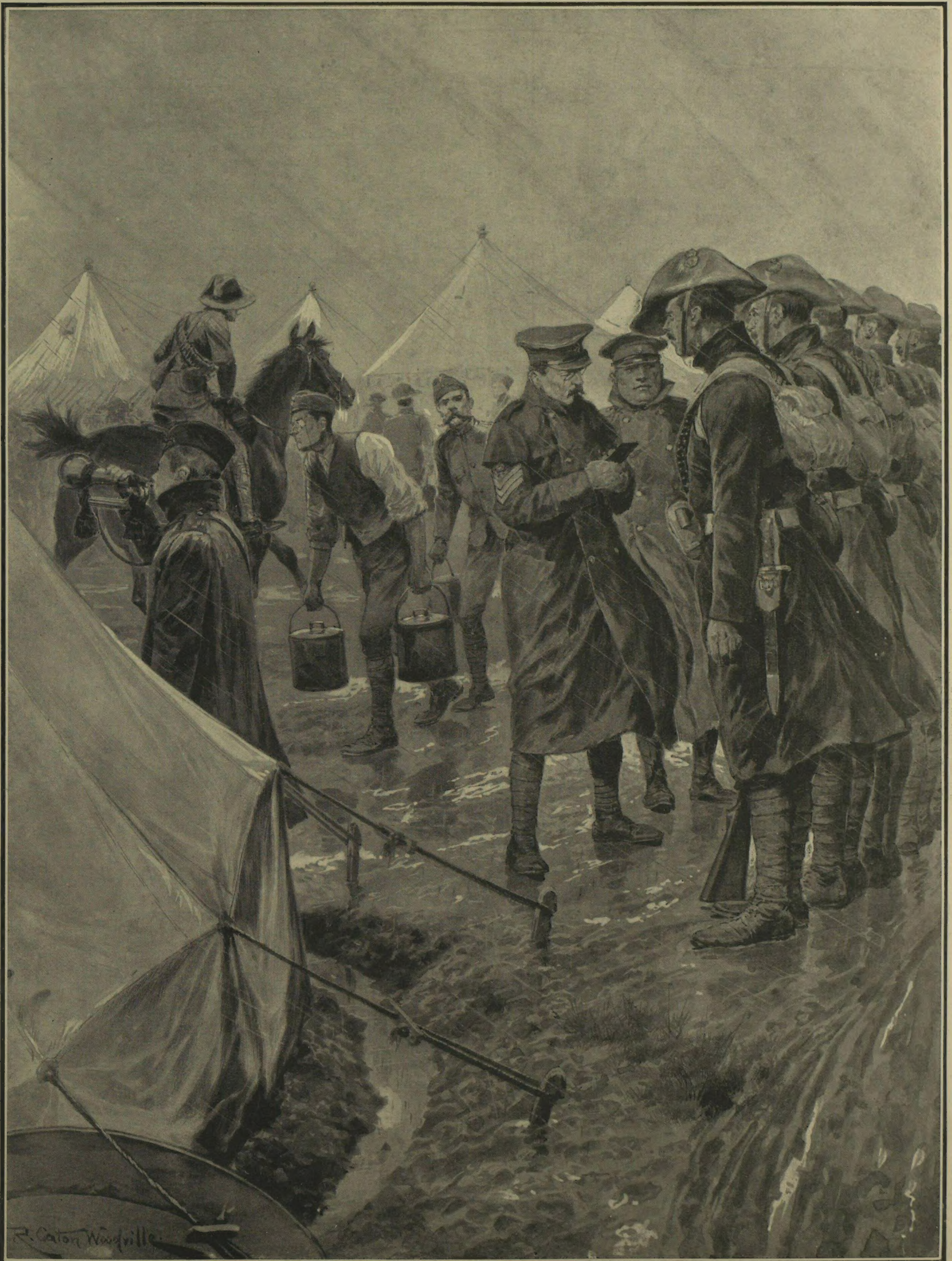
New Lieutenant-Governor of Agra and Oudh.

The Pope and the French Government.

There would seem to be no close time for religious controversy. The struggles between new thought and old faith are maintained without intermission, and the storm centre which was to be found in these islands until Parliament rose is likely to move to France, if not now, then at the end of the year, when many regulations resulting from the Law of Associations will come into effect for the first time. It will be remembered that the French Government has established *associations cultuelles* to take the place of institutions that paid no allegiance to the State, and were frankly or covertly

THE ROUGH SIDE OF AMATEUR CAMPAIGNING.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE CAMPING SEASON: A DRENCHING MORNING IN A VOLUNTEER CAMP.

The present month sees a great body of our Volunteers under canvas, and the experience is usually very enjoyable, except when the weather proves treacherous. But our citizen soldiers know how to make the best of discomforts, which they take with proverbial good humour.

decisive snub to the French Government; but the signs of the times do not encourage the belief, and in many well-informed quarters Cardinal Merry del Val is held to be largely

on his yacht, the *Giralda*, on Aug. 6 and 10, at which King Edward and other members of the Royal Family were present, sherry played a predominant part. On one occasion nine wines figured on the card, four of them being sherry, and on the other card, eight wines, four of



WHAT A CHILIAN EARTHQUAKE LOOKS LIKE: THE PLAZA DEL ORDEN, VALPARAISO. AFTER THE SHOCK OF 1899.

Although exact details are still wanting, the earthquake of last week must have been far more severe than that of 1899. The greatest damage has been done to the centre of the city, over an area extending from the Plaza del Orden to the Plaza Prat.

responsible for the Encyclical Letter, and is blamed accordingly.

which were sherry. So much were the wines appreciated that, before leaving, King Alfonso made presents of sherry to all the Royal Family who were at Cowes, distributing in this way no less than sixty dozen of priceless

The Chilean Earthquake.

At different hours on the seventeenth of the month, the seismographs of certain observatories so far separated as the Isle of Wight, Paisley, Milan, and Washington recorded violent earthquake shocks, proceeding apparently from the western side of South America. A little later, telegraphic communication with Chili was interrupted suddenly, Santiago and Valparaiso were completely isolated, and the Pacific cable

worked only from Iquique northwards. For some time it was impossible to obtain full details of the disaster. Ultimately it was known that an earthquake of the first magnitude had overwhelmed Valparaiso, the chief seaport of Chili. At the time of writing reports are necessarily meagre and incomplete, but it is clear that the long succession of earth waves was followed by fires and rainfall, and that the shocks have spread destruction through Santiago, Concepcion, and smaller towns. When we remember that the San Francisco horror is not yet five months old, and that the City of the Golden Gate fell before the damage to Southern Italy had been repaired, it will be seen that the past twelve months have been fraught with disaster for the portion of the world within the earthquake zone. It is reported that a further shock on Aug. 21 completed the ruin of Valparaiso.

The King of Spain and Sherry.

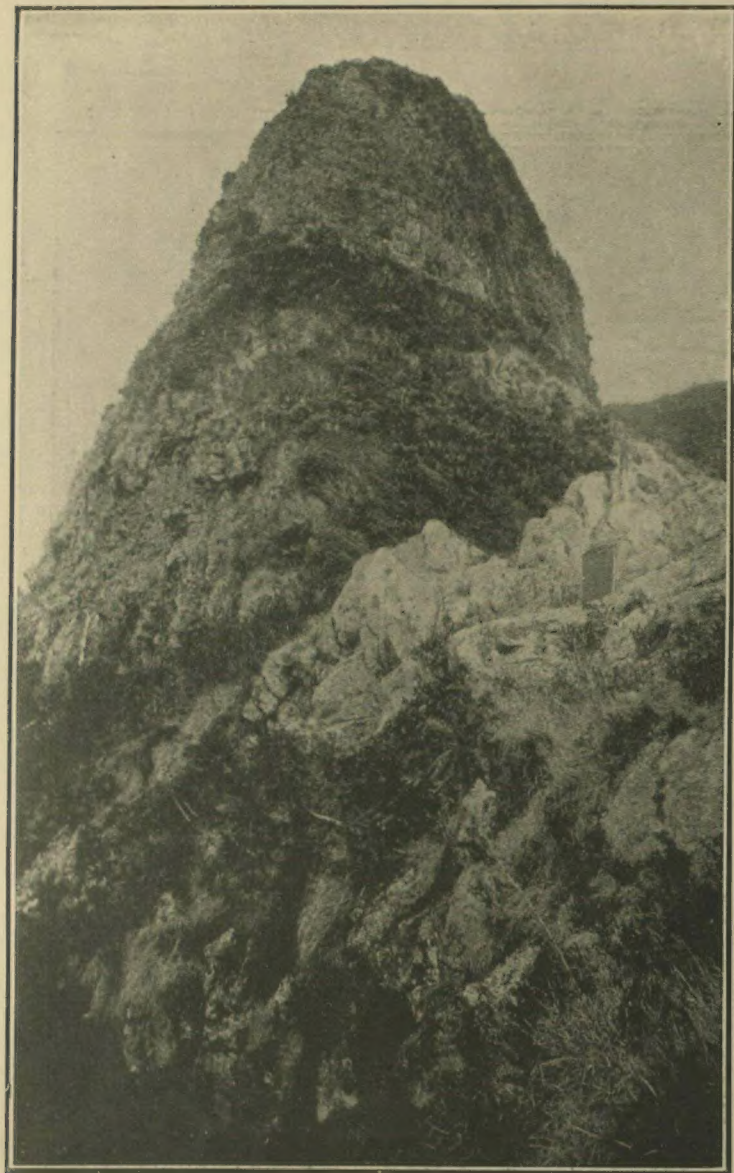
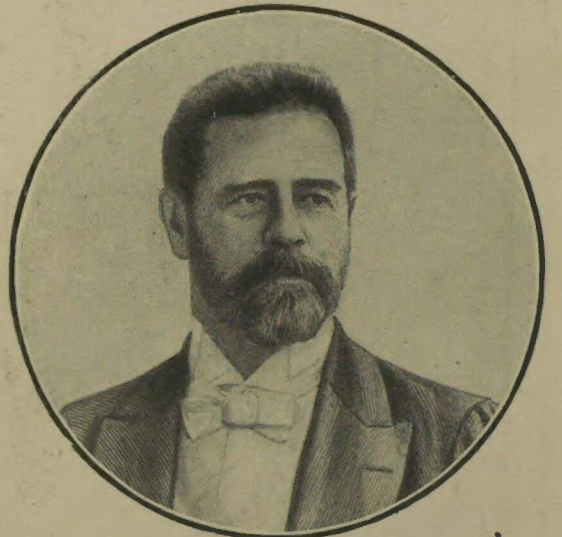
For instance, in the matter of wines, his predilection for the "wine of his country" has been well exemplified during his recent visit to Cowes. At the dinners given

King Alfonso is a keen supporter of Spanish productions, and very patriotic in his tastes.

THE PRESIDENT OF CHILI: DON GERMAN RIESCO.

Senor Riesco took office for five years on September 18, 1901. He is to be succeeded next month by Senor Montt, to celebrate whose inauguration large sums had been collected. This money is now to be applied to the relief of the sufferers by the earthquake.

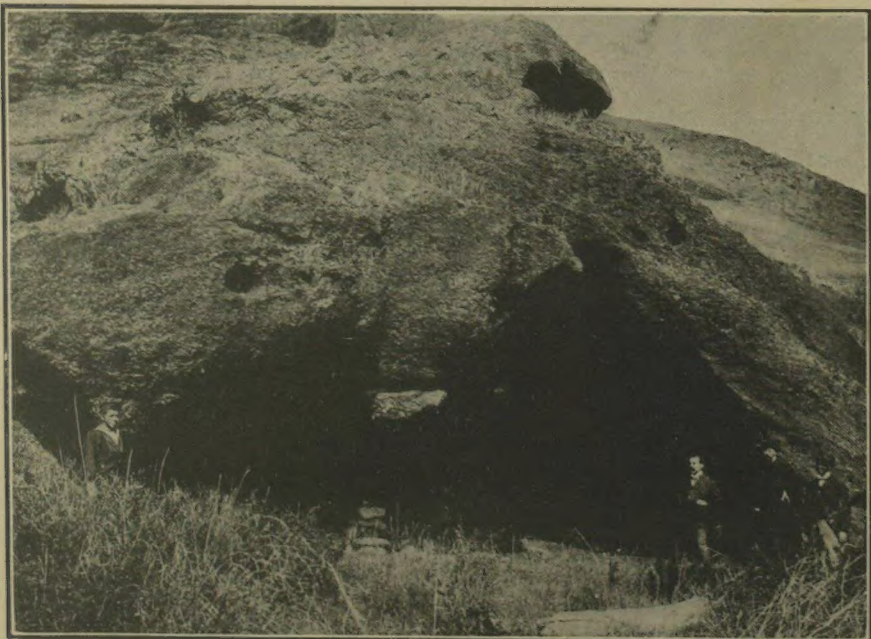
wines. During the visit of the Spanish monarch and his consort to Scotland, others, no doubt, had an opportunity of tasting the quality of the royal cellars, for King Alfonso took with him six dozen of his favourite wine.



THE VANISHING OF ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND OWING TO THE CHILIAN EARTHQUAKE: ALEXANDER SELKIRK'S MONUMENT ON JUAN FERNANDEZ.

It is reported that the earthquake in Chili destroyed the island of Juan Fernandez, famous as the retreat of Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe. The monument to Selkirk was erected in 1868, when the island was colonised by the Germans. Recently Juan Fernandez has been used as a Chilean penal settlement.

anti-Republican. Now the Pope has refused to sanction the establishment of these new associations. "We decree," he says in the course of a weighty and dignified Encyclical Letter, dated from the Vatican on Aug. 10, "that it is absolutely impossible for them (the *associations cultuelles*) to be admitted without a violation of the sacred rights pertaining to the very life of the Church." French Catholics are to organise religious worship to the best of their ability, the troubles and difficulties besetting the task are fully recognised. The Pope's decision, though perhaps to be regretted, was almost inevitable. Although M. Clemenceau declared that the *associations cultuelles* were in the hands of the Bishops and the Pope, and that the Bill preserved the spirit of the Concordat at the expense of agnostics, there is no doubt that it was framed on lines calculated to keep the authority of the State paramount in case of disputes. The French Bishops and clergy generally have hailed the Pope's Letter with enthusiasm; more sober-minded folk do not conceal their regret. Perhaps there may be enough religious enthusiasm in France to enable Pius X. to administer a



IN LOST JUAN FERNANDEZ: ROBINSON CRUSOE'S CAVE.

The cave called Robinson Crusoe's is believed to have been that in which Alexander Selkirk lived from 1704 to 1709. Selkirk was marooned by his Captain, and after five years he was discovered by Captain Rogers. He died Lieutenant of H.M.S. "Weymouth" in 1723.



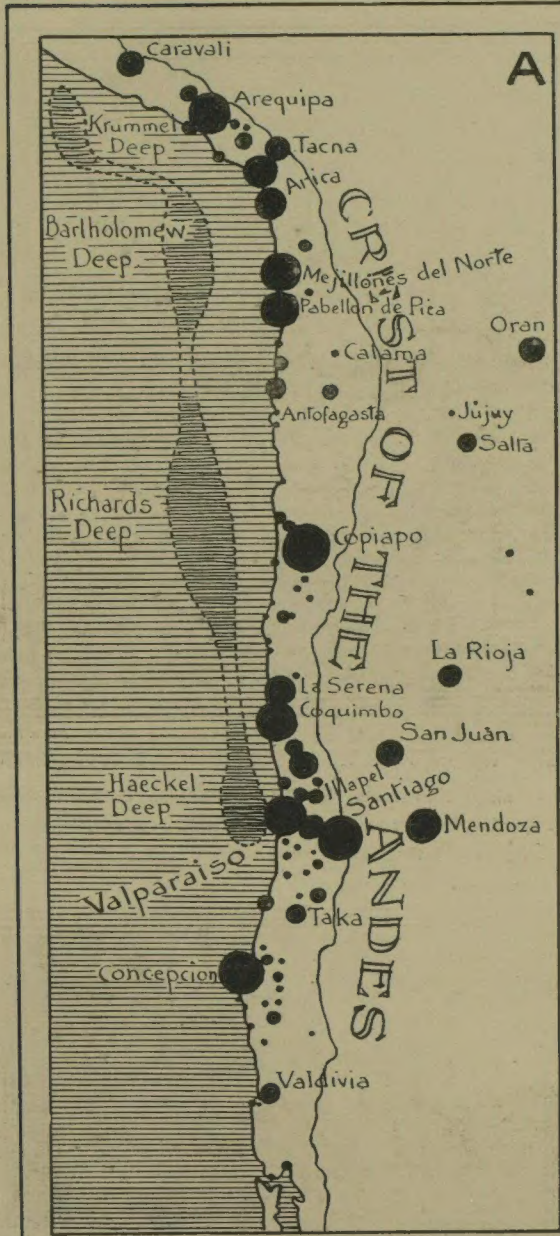
A BAY IN VANISHED JUAN FERNANDEZ.

Juan Fernandez is a group of two islands and one islet. They owe their name to the Portuguese navigator, Juan Fernandez, who discovered them in 1574, and introduced goats and European plants. The goats, it will be remembered, are mentioned in "Robinson Crusoe."

Photos, Melrose.

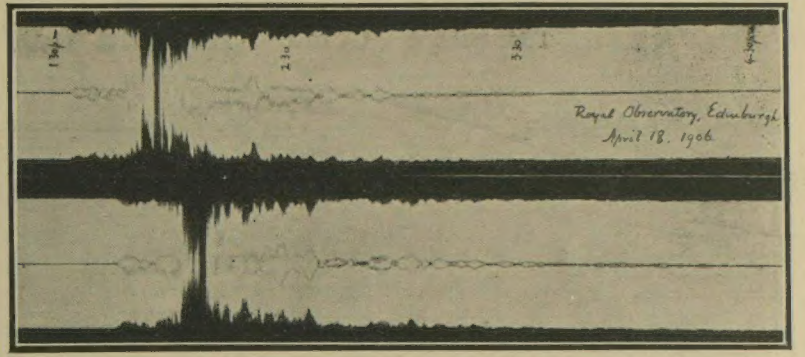
OUR UNSTABLE EARTH: THE SCIENCE OF THE CHILIAN EARTHQUAKE.

DIAGRAMS BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR MILNE AT SHIDE OBSERVATORY.

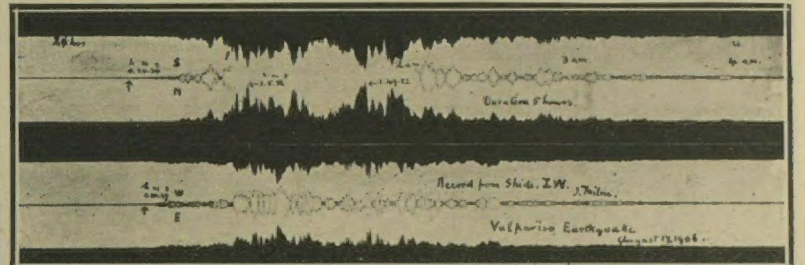


(A).—CHILI'S LIABILITY TO EARTHQUAKE.

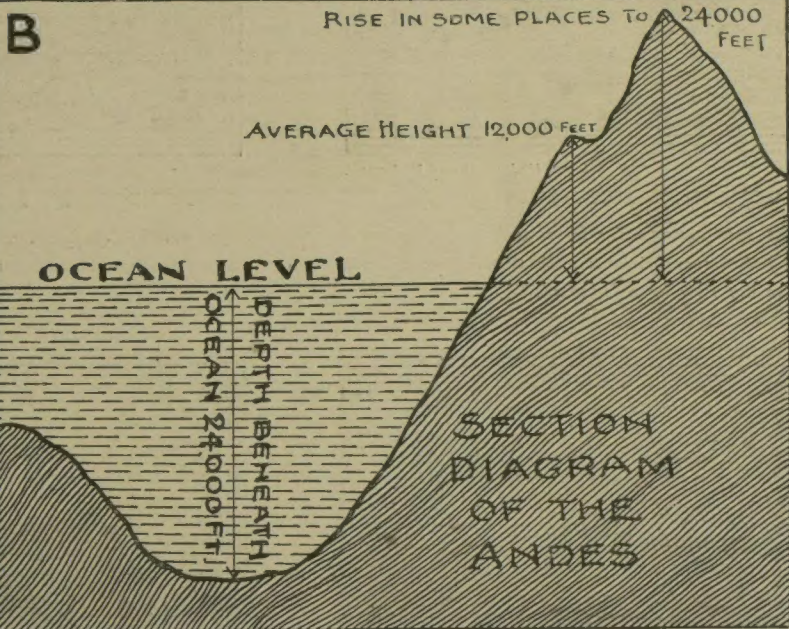
Map of the Southern Andes made by M. de Ballore, showing recorded earthquakes. The size of the black spots indicates the relative seismicity, or earthquake intensity. The presence of sea-shells of existing species at very great heights indicates that in quite recent times the coast-line has been altered very rapidly. After the Valparaíso earthquake of 1822 it was found that the coast had been raised three or four feet, so that many sea-shells were found adhering to the rocks above the former high-water mark. A similar rise has been reported during the present disturbance.



THE SAN FRANCISCO SHOCK RECORDED IN EDINBURGH, APRIL 18, 1906.

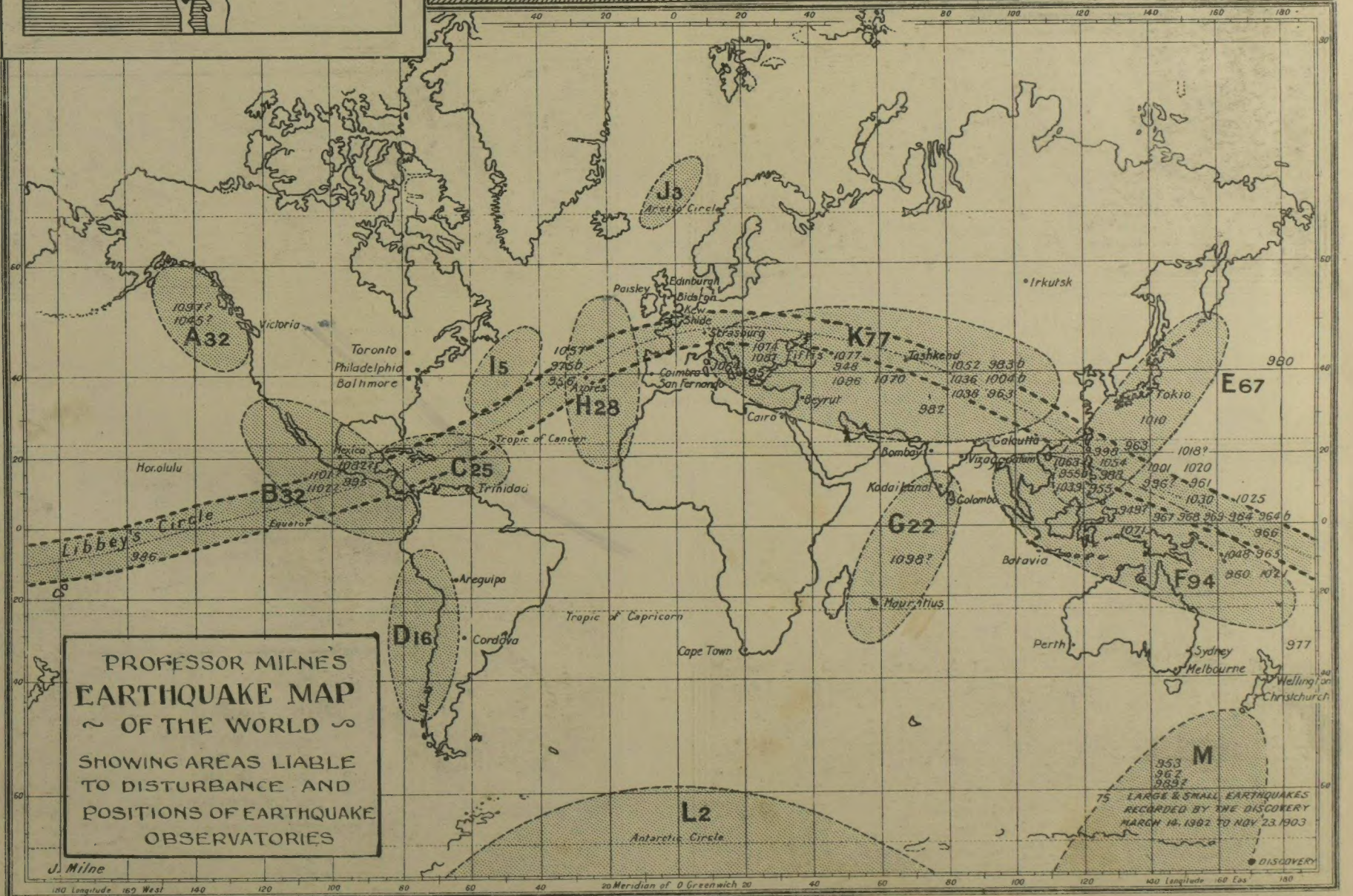


THE VALPARAÍSO SHOCK RECORDED IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT, AUGUST 17, 1906.



(B).—LONG-CONTINUED STEEP SLOPES CAUSE SHOCKS.

The slope of the Andes is very sudden for a great distance along the coast. Wherever we get a slope as steep as 1 in 20 extending over a distance of about 120 miles, we have a region which is unstable and is always yielding. When the yielding is sudden and irregular a big earthquake is produced. In the recent earthquake the fact that we have not heard of any big sea-waves or cables being broken suggests that the origin was beneath the land and not suboceanic; whereas the Valparaíso earthquakes of 1868 and 1877, which sent sea-waves as far as Japan, evidently had their origin in one of the "deeps" which are indicated on the map.



In the British Association official map drawn up by Professor Milne, the earthquake districts are indicated A B C, etc., and the number of large earthquakes which have originated from these since 1899 is expressed in large numerals. The large earthquakes of 1905 are indicated by Professor Milne's system of small numbers used at Shide Observatory. All observatory stations are named. Most of the earthquake areas are contained in the band called Libbey's Circle. During the eight years covered by this map it is to be noted that the Chilean district has only contributed 16 shocks, and that during 1905 none was recorded. In this map only the very large earthquakes are considered, the least of which is followed by numerous smaller after-shocks representing the settlement of disjointed material. Professor Milne tells us that as an accompaniment to the recent earthquake in San Francisco, movements of 3 to 10 feet have taken place on old faults (dislocated strata) possibly more than 300 miles in length. The breadth of the shattered area may be 200 miles, and the depth to which the shattering reached, 20 or 30 miles, which indicates, if we multiply these figures together, that nearly 2,000,000 cubic miles of rocky material was suddenly shifted. He considers it is probable that in Chili at least a similar quantity of material was displaced, and it was the impact of this huge mass upon that on which it finally rested which gave rise to the movements which have been recorded at every seismographic station throughout the world.

HERE AND THERE WITH CAMERA AND NOTE-BOOK.

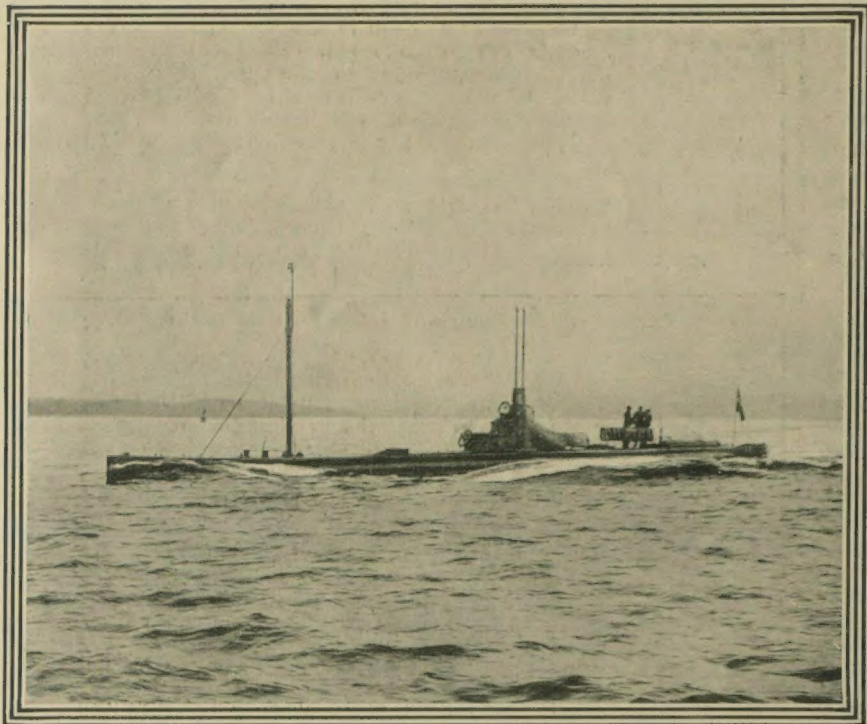


Photo. Underwood and Underwood.

THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH OF GERMANY'S FIRST SUBMARINE.

The German Naval programme for the current year arranges for an annual appropriation of £250,000 for the construction of submarines, and for experiments with this species of craft. The first boat of the series has now been launched.



Photo. Kester.

TO THE POLE BY BALLOON: THE WELLMAN EXPEDITION AT SPITZBERGEN.

Mr. Walter Wellman, who is to attempt to reach the Pole by balloon and motor-sledge, began his experiments recently at Spitzbergen; but he may have to abandon the trial for this year owing to mishaps and the lateness of the season.



TENDING A WOUNDED DOG.

THE DUMB ANIMALS' GUARDIAN ANGEL IN GERMANY: FRAU HENZE AND HER BICYCLE-AMBULANCE.

Frau Elise Henze may rightly be described as the animals' guardian angel. She has made herself thoroughly expert in first aid, and she goes about with her bicycle-ambulance on the look-out for wounded and over-driven animals. She has just been taken into the service of the German Society for the Protection of Animals.



Photo. Lophus.

TENDING A WOUNDED HORSE.

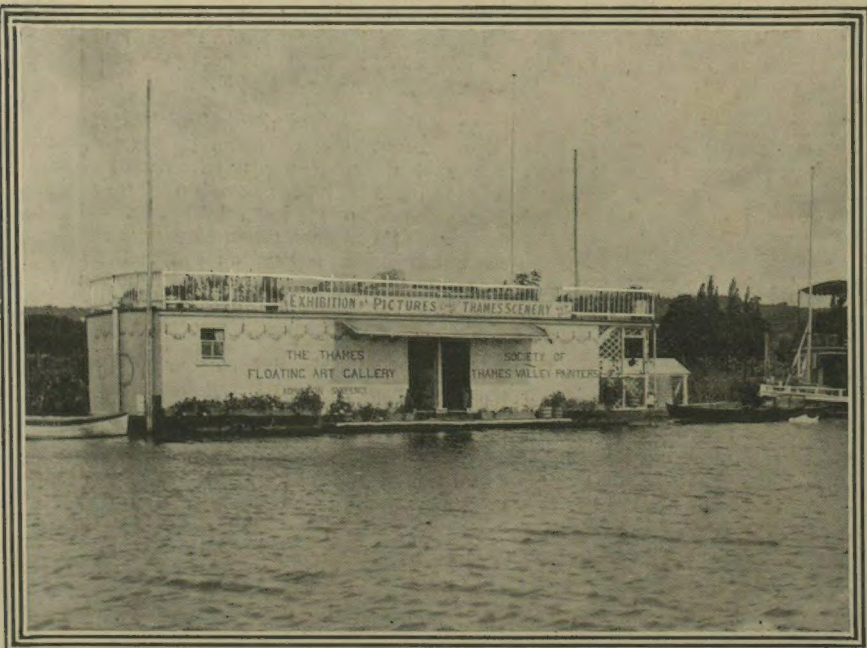


Photo. Halfones.

A FLOATING PICTURE-GALLERY ON THE THAMES.

Mr. Claude H. Rowbotham, son of Mr. Rowbotham, R.A., has been giving an exhibition of his pictures on board his house-boat. The boat is now moored at Bourne End. The Society of Thames Valley Painters also exhibit in the floating gallery, and it is reported that the members have been fortunate enough to sell their pictures.



Photo. Kirk.

OLD ENGLAND REVIVED AT CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

An Old English market, a bazaar in aid of Carisbrooke Church, was opened on the Bowling-Green, Carisbrooke Castle, on August 15, by Princess Henry of Battenberg. In the photograph are Lady Adela Cochrane, Lady Ellis, the Countess Pappenheim, and Mrs. Godfrey Baring at their stall, the sign of the Fleur-de-Lys.

FASHIONS FOR OUR DUMB FRIENDS: BERLIN'S HORSES AND DOGS IN THE DOG-DAYS.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BERLIN.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Aug. 25, 1906.—261

THE SMART AND THE DOWDY: DOGS AND HORSES PROTECTED FROM THE SUN.

As in London and Paris so in Berlin the horses are protected with straw hats during the hot weather. There also the dogs that draw little carts have their plain straw hats tied under the chin, and the pet dogs have a similar protection, only their hats are often decorated with bright-coloured flowers, especially if the owner be a lady. Draymen also decorate their horses' hats. The draught-dogs' hats are provided by the Berlin Animal Protection Society.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

DR. JOHNSON freely said that he "never wished to hear of the second Punic war again as long as he lived." Many persons never wish to hear of our late war in South Africa again; but, if one must read about it, I prefer a History made in Germany. To judge by extracts and comments given in the *Quarterly Review*, the history by the historical section of the German General Staff is the work of scholars, soldiers, and gentlemen, who only wish to discover the truth, as far as mortals may, and to tell it without fear or favour. This is history, this is literature, and we may say, this is business.

At home we have developed a style in military history-writing which seems greatly to exaggerate the quality of the most rhetorical parts in Napier's "Peninsular War." Napier possessed a noble gift of rhetoric, and he did not abuse it, but employed it sparingly, on fitting occasions and with good effect.

To judge by extracts in the *Quarterly* from "The Times History" of the war, rhetoric is carried to a Corinthian luxuriance in that work. "The bevelled crests of broad Impati and gaunt Indumeni were obscured in a grey curtain." This is the rhetorical way of saying, what Old Nick stated more simply to the commander of the Ark, during the Deluge, "It's a misty morning, Mr. Noah!"

As it was apparently impossible to see the "bevelled crest" (and what is a "bevelled" crest?) of Impati (which is "broad," and Indumeni (which possesses the peculiarity of being "gaunt"), the *Times* historian missed a buxom opportunity to say nothing about these invisible features in the landscape.

The *Times* author runs on to gush about Table Mountain, mariners, approaching tempests—(1) atmospheric, (2) military; the second species being "a very different tempest, involving the drowning of the very echoes born on the rugged faces of the silent hills." How the tempest could drown its own echoes, how the echoing rugged faces of the hills managed to be noisy, while the hills themselves were silent, who can comprehend? "Igsplain this, men and hangels," cried Jeames, when reviewing Bulwieg. Why is the town in Natal called Dundee styled "a peaceful English village," as I regret to say it is? A neighbouring Natal town is called Glencoe. Here was a chance to style it "a peaceful Celtic strath."

That kind of thing is neither history nor literature, nor business. Suppose one wrote about the Battle of Philpburgh in that way. Here goes: "Mist, the white sultry mist of the harvest month, the golden September, swathed the black crest of the Three Brethren Cairn; lay like a face-cloth on the heather-clad face of the mountain named after the hapless, the self-slain Isobel; bathed the hollows of the ancient beacon height of the Weirclaw; and filled like a slumbrous sea the folds of the Linglee. The herdsmen anticipated a sultry day, and sultry it proved, but in a very different way, for the levin flashes were no emanations of the clouds, but of the red artillery of Leslie, and the musketry of Montrose."

These statements, though poetical, are true to local colour. But what historian would dream of padding out his page with such flummery? He would merely remark that, according to a probable local tradition, the advance of Leslie was concealed by a morning mist. A history can never get itself finished if the author or authors perpetually wallow in the rhetorical.

Mr. Swinburne seems to be a rather severe judge of British poets, if he is correctly quoted as saying in his "William Blake, a Critical Essay," that Blake is "the greatest English poet except Collins who had the fortune or misfortune to be born into a century far greater in progress than in poetry."

It is rather hard on Burns to be placed below the level of Collins and Blake, and who has the right to say that either Collins or Blake is, as a matter of fact, a greater poet than Burns? Anybody may, if he likes, think Burns greater than the author of "The Four Zoas," a word in which the plural "s" seems superfluous, if "zoa" is the plural of "zoon." Anyone may prefer the author of "Tam o' Shanter" to the author of "Oriental Eclogues."

Moreover, Wordsworth and Coleridge, not to speak of Scott, were born into the same century as Blake and Collins. It may be a pious, but it is not a certain opinion that Wordsworth and Coleridge are inferior to Collins and Blake. In short, statements in the superlative may give us an insight into a critic's private taste, but they are not criticism. Perhaps such statements are poetry, but one naturally prefers poetry in verse, not in prose, whether the prose be intended to be critical or historical.

Critics appear to think Mr. Benson's Life of Pater deficient in anecdote. However, one of Mr. Benson's informants mentions that Mr. Pater once thought of writing a book which he never wrote, and I am able to add another anecdote of the same brilliant quality. Early in his literary career Mr. Pater contemplated a novel on a subject which, later, was handled, I think, by Mr. Rider Haggard. It was the story of a beautiful young man taken prisoner by the Aztecs. According to their custom, they treated him as a god; gave him the best of everything, and several of the fairest of the Aztec maids. This was pleasant, while it lasted, but the Aztecs meant to sacrifice and eat him, in the long run. He was to make his escape, "and then," said Mr. Pater dreamily, "I think something happened to him"—something fatal, apparently. That would have been an interesting book, but it would have been more like a novel had the captive been rescued by Cortés, reconciled to the Church, and married to the fairest of the Aztec maidens.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

ADRIAN J CONDE (Liverpool).—Our rule is that all problems must be submitted on a diagram. If you will kindly send us one, we shall be pleased to consider your contribution.

A G BRADLEY (Dublin).—Of course there are duals and duals, but we hope to find your problem up to your usual standard.

GIKANDRA CHANDRA MUKHERJI (East Bengal).—Your problem is marked for insertion.

J M K LUPTON (Richmond).—The dual you mention is of no consequence, and the problem shall appear shortly.

ROBIN H LEGGE (Chelsea).—Received with thanks. It shall have our attention.

E J WINTER WOOD (Paignton).—Thanks very much for your communication.

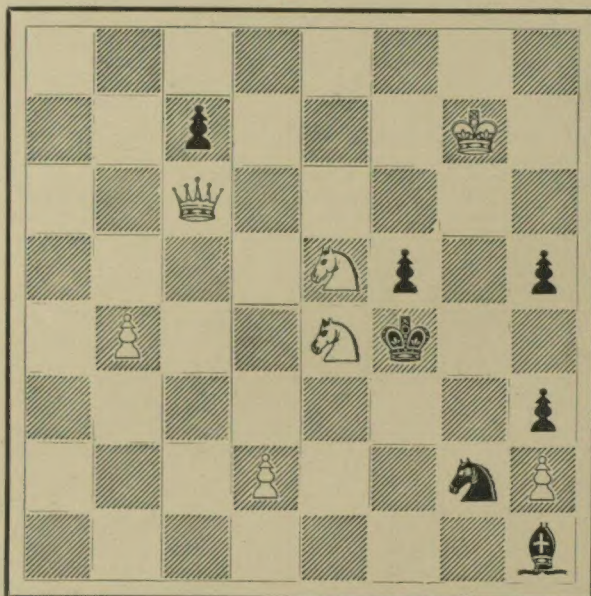
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3243 received from R. Rookes (Bombay); of No. 3244 from Laurent Changuion (St Helena Bay, Cape Colony) and Girindra Chandra Mukherji (Muktigacha, India); of No. 3245 from Jiwan Jhan (Benares) and Aug Kuenzel (Detroit); of No. 3246 from Aug Kuenzel (Detroit); of No. 3248 from Trial, Albert Rottich, B Messenger (Bridgend), W C D Smith (Northampton), and the Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu); of No. 3249 from Albert Rottich (Streatham), Stettin, F Drakeford (Brampton), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Frank William Atkinson (Crowthorne), P U B (St. Petersburg), Laura Greaves (Redmarshall), Rev P Lewis (Ramsgate), B Messenger (Bridgend), S J England (South Woodford), and W C D Smith (Northampton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3250 received from George Trice (Deal), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), H S Brandreth (Aix-les-Bains), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Sorrento, F H Cooper (Liverpool), F Drakeford, R Worters (Canterbury), Sconic, F Henderson (Leeds), P Daly (Brighton), C E Perugini, Stettin, T Roberts, F Waller (Luton), E W Burnell, E J Winter-Wood, S J England (South Woodford), G Tann (Richmond), Shadforth, and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3249.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to R 6th Any move
2. R mates accordingly

PROBLEM No. 3252.—By W. J. WOOD.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played at Perth in the match for the Commonwealth Championship, between Messrs. VINER and WATSON.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. V.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. V.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. P to Q R 4th	R to Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. P to R 5th	B to K 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	16. P to R 5th	R to Kt 7th
4. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	17. B to B sq	R to Kt 7th
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 5th	18. B takes R	B takes R
6. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt (ch)	19. B to K R 6th	Kt to Kt 2nd
Serving no good purpose Kt P takes Kt.			
7. B to Q 3rd, Castles, S. Castles, P to Q 4th	P takes Kt	20. Q to Q 4th	Kt to B 4th
gives Black a good opening.			
8. P takes B	Kt P takes Kt	Looking like an oversight. Q to K 4th would at least provide a longer fight, although White passed Rook's Pawn should ultimately win in any case.	
9. B to Q 3rd	Q to K 2nd	21. B takes R	Q to K 3rd
10. Castles	Castles	22. Q to R 4th	K takes B
11. R to K sq	Q R to Kt sq	23. R to R sq	Kt to R 5th
Kt to K sq is forced next move, and should be played at once.			
12. Q to B 4th	Kt to K sq	24. Q takes B	Q to Kt 5th
13. Q to R 5th	P to K Kt 3rd	25. B to B sq	Resigns.
14. Q takes P	P to Q 3rd		

CHESS IN NEW ZEALAND.

Game played in the Competition for the Championship between Messrs. J. MASON and R. J. BARNES.

(Zukertort Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	18. P to Q 5th	B to R sq
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	The Bishops are well handled, and occupy what prove presently to be most useful positions.	
3. P to K 3rd	P to Q B 4th	19. Kt to B 5th	Q to B 2nd
4. P to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	20. P to Q 6th	Q to Kt 2nd
5. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	21. Kt to R 4th	B takes P
6. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	22. B takes Kt	P takes B
7. P to Q R 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	23. Q R to Q sq	P to B 4th
8. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd	24. Q to K 3rd	B to R sq
9. Castles	Castles	25. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	K to B sq
10. B to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 2nd	26. B takes P	
So far the moves are identical on both sides, with the initiative, however, still in White's hands.			
11. Kt to K 2nd	R to B sq	There is not even the pretence of an attack to justify this sacrifice, after which Black wins at his leisure. White, however, would in any case have had to pay the penalty of his faulty mid-game tactics.	
12. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd	27. R takes R	R takes R
13. Kt to K 5th	Q to K 2nd	28. Q to Kt 4th	B to K 2nd
B P takes P is the correct reply. The line adopted only breaks up White's centre with fatal effects later on.			
14. K P takes P	B P takes P	29. P to B 3rd	B takes Kt
15. Q to K 2nd	K R to Q sq	30. B to B 2nd	Q to K 2nd
16. P takes P	P takes P	31. R takes R (ch)	R to Q sq
17. Kt takes Kt	B to Kt sq	32. Q to R 5th	Q takes R
	Q B takes Kt		Q to Q 5th (ch)

The Nuremberg Tournament resulted as follows—Marshall, first; Duras, second; Schlechter and Forgaits tied for third place. The strain of the Ostend meeting evidently affected many of the players, but Mr. Marshall is to be complimented on a success which testifies so greatly to his staying-power.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE NERVOUS AGE.

A FEW days ago I read an announcement in the newspapers to the effect that the Medical Superintendent of Bethlem Hospital—I presume under this title I may recognise my friend Dr. Theo. B. Hyslop—had written to a member of Parliament to the effect that he had evidence at his command of the injurious effects on the nervous system produced by the excessive noise of our streets, and by the rush and run due to motor-car traffic. Following upon Sir James Dewar's indictment of the motor-'bus in its present stage of evolution, the medical testimony will go far to widen the issues which the public are asked to set before them in the matter of street traffic, and, indeed, of modern locomotion at large. As is usual, we find the camp divided. There are those who would annihilate the motor 'bus and the car, and there are those who maintain that, as in the case of the bicycle and the railway further back, we shall arrive at much better things in the way of self-propelled vehicles, if only we have patience and give engineers a little time to invent improvements.

There is a *via media* here, however, as in most other things of life. One might agree with the latter faction, without losing sight of the justifiable complaint of their opponents. There is no doubt that to-day motor-'bus traffic is a thing attended by a very appreciable amount of extra noise, smell, dust, and other forms of nuisance. We might add that unskilful and careless driving, added to defective machinery, contribute likewise, not merely to the noise, but to risk of accident and disaster. On the other hand, that these disadvantages may be bettered, and that the motor vehicles of the near future will exhibit a vast improvement in all respects upon those of to-day, is an inference legitimately to be drawn from all the past history of invention.

It might occur to even a casual observer, however, that the effects of the run and rush of life to-day are not to be gauged either by the motor-'bus noises or by the truly vile odours and dust that motor vehicles diffuse all round. The subject is really part and parcel of a much wider theme, and of a very far extending display of energy in modern existence. I read, for example, that in a certain Lancashire town the amount of saved-up money which fell to be distributed for holiday purposes this summer amounted to over £20,000. In another town the amount was set down at about £30,000. I can well credit these figures, when I think of the toiling thousands who save up for their fortnight's outing, and when I see them enjoying themselves at Douglas, Blackpool, Morecambe, and other resorts. Time was when such a spell of holiday rest was unknown. To-day it is a stable feature of modern life, and it is also one which in its practical, or executive side, must make for a good deal of nervous wear and tear. Think of the bustle of preparation, of the hurry to catch trains and steamers, and of the worries attending the settling down in the new, if temporary, surroundings. Even holidaying, as it is regarded in the mass, is a restless proceeding, attended often with as much expenditure of energy as are the work and labour of everyday life.

Admittedly it is a difficult matter to prove to the satisfaction of everybody that increase of insanity is due to our living at too rapid a pace, and to the exigencies which the competition prevalent among us for food, employment, and so forth entails. Some authorities, indeed, deny that any actual increase of insanity is represented at all. They say the apparent increase is to be explained by the fact that more persons come under asylum treatment, such people hitherto being treated at home, or largely neglected in the matter of aid at all. But there are reasons for thinking that this view does not represent the whole truth, and that the appreciation of the excellent results which follow asylum-treatment to-day cannot be credited with the power of accounting for the reason why we are perpetually adding to the accommodation for our lunatic population, and especially for the insane poor. Irish statistics, for example, are very strong on the point that the increase in lunacy of late years is a real matter. But leaving even the question of actual insanity out of court, we have still to reckon with the increasing "instability," both mental and physical, of which mention has been made. Unless the opinions of our physicians and hygienists are to be discredited, there is represented in our midst an actual and marked increase of such a condition due to nervous strain, and of a lack of the power of "inhibition," which last is a term that corresponds largely with the power of easily saying "No."

An authority on brain-troubles once defined insanity at large as essentially consisting in the loss of this inhibitory feature. It is as if the human machine had lost the power of putting the brake on. The sane man knows when to stop, to use the current phrase, when to pull himself up and to arrest himself in any given course, and how to guide himself in the way of rational conduct, such as is in touch with his surroundings, and such as resembles that of other sane persons. The insane man has no such power as a rule, or, rather, he has lost it in respect of certain actions, while some of his neighbours have lost it for every act and phase of their lives.

It is in this direction that the weakening of the nervous system advances when its degeneration sets in, and it is to the excessive strain, worry, noise, and turmoil of city life to-day that our alienists attribute the increasing inroads of "nervousness" on the population at large. It is true, we may become accustomed to the new environment, but this result can only be attained through the principle of the survival of the fittest, which means that the weak go to the wall. This is not a cheerful outlook, I admit, but at the very least, if as a nation we care to insist on less noise in our streets, and the attainment of a quieter existence, there can be no doubt that science, duly encouraged, will be equal to any demands that are made upon it in this direction.

ANDREW WILSON.

FROM THE SLUMS TO THE FIELDS: THE WORK OF THE FRESH AIR FUND.

DRAWINGS BY H. H. FLERE; PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON.



1. WHERE THE FRESH AIR FUND FINDS ITS OPPORTUNITY: A TYPICAL LONDON SLUM OF THE MOST DISMAL KIND.
2. THE STREET ARAB'S LODGING FOR THE NIGHT IN SLUMLAND.
3. LABELLED FOR SAFE RETURN HOME.

THE RECORD OF THE F.A.F.		
Showing the number of children given a summer holiday—and the towns from which they were taken.		
1892. London	...	20,600
1893. London	...	40,000
1894. London, Belfast, Birmingham, Dublin, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester	...	74,000
1895. All cities with a population of over 200,000	...	94,000
1896-1905. All cities with a population of over 100,000	...	1,174,450
Total		1,403,050

4. THEIR FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE COUNTRY: A BATHE IN THE BROOK.
5. THE F.A.F.C.C.: CRICKET IN THE COUNTRY.
6. SLUM BOYS' FIRST PICNIC: GUESTS OF THE F.A.F.
7. THE SWEETEST PLAY OF THEIR LIVES: A BATTLE IN THE BRACKEN.

The Fresh Air Fund, founded and organised by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, is continuing its beneficent work this year on a larger scale than ever. Ninepence is all that is needed to send a slum child to the country for a day. It is such a little sum, and gives so much happiness, that every reader, we are sure, will hasten to send his ninepence or as many ninepences as possible to the Honorary Secretary, F.A.F., 17, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

EARTHQUAKES IN 1906. Killed		
Jan. 31 to Feb. 6.—Tidal wave and earthquakes in Colombia and Ecuador	...	900
Jan. 24.—Earthquake and tidal wave in Colombia	...	200
Mar. 17.—Earthquake in Panama	...	1,000

THE SECOND GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF 1906: THE

PHOTOGRAPH LANT BY



THE RACECOURSE, VALPARAISO.



THE PARK, VALPARAISO.



THE HARBOUR, VALPARAISO.



THE CITY OF VALPARAISO.



PASSAGE SANTIAGO, VALPARAISO.



THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH, VALPARAISO.

Valparaíso, the chief seaport of Chile, lies at the south part of a semicircular bay. Behind is a range of barren hills rising to a height of 1400 feet. The upper parts of the town are reached by a series of lifts. Many of the houses were built on foundations made by cutting away the cliff. The population of Valparaíso was at the last census 150,000. The city has, or had—for the extent

EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF VALPARAISO.

City founded by Juan de Saavedra	1536
City captured by Drake	1578
Captured by Hawkins	1596
Sacked by the Dutch corsair Van Noort	1600
Shaken by earthquake	1730, 1822, 1830, and 1873
Partly devastated by fire	1829
Bombarded by the Spanish Fleet	1866

of the damage by the earthquake of August 16 is at the time of writing uncertain—a Government Palace, a Custom House, a hospital, and fine City Hall, and several theatres, Valparaíso is the commercial capital of Chile, and has an extensive foreign trade, built up by the enterprise of Englishmen, Americans, and Germans. The docks are good, and the roadstead has excellent anchorage.

EARTHQUAKES IN 1906 (contd.) Killed		
April 3.—Earthquake and Eruption of Vesuvius	...	600
April 14.—Another earthquake in Venezuela	...	200
April 18.—Earthquake destroys the greater part of San Francisco	...	400

DAMAGE TO VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO DE CHILI.

MR. HARDY GILKARD.



THE ALAMEDA, SANTIAGO.



THE HALL OF THE NATIONAL CONGRESS, SANTIAGO.



A GENERAL VIEW OF SANTIAGO, SANTA LUCIA HILL IN THE DISTANCE.



THE PLAZA DE ARMAS, SANTIAGO.



THE CATHEDRAL, SANTIAGO.



THE PLAZA INDEPENDENCIA AND GRAND HOTEL, SANTIAGO.

Santiago de Chile is beautifully situated in a wide plain about 1830 feet above the sea. It lies between the main ridge of the Andes and the lesser heights of Cuesta del Prado. Its most important open spaces are the Plaza de la Independencia, the Alameda, and the Plaza de Armas. The Cathedral is the oldest ecclesiastical foundation, but the present building dates only from 1746

EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF SANTIAGO.

The city founded by Pedro de Valdivia	1541
The Augustine Nunnery founded	1570
Church of St. Augustine founded	1596
Cathedral rebuilt after a fire	1746
University founded	1813
Former disastrous earthquakes	1575, 1547, 1730, 1822, and 1825
Two thousand persons burned in the Church of La Compañía	1862
(This church is now the hall of the National Congress)	

The Hall of the National Congress was formerly the Church of La Compañía, where 2000 persons perished by fire in 1863. The population at the last census was 189,500. Notable buildings are the University and the National Museum. The city is built round the rocky hill of Santa Lucia, with its two fortresses. This is now a pleasure ground.

A LESSON IN CRIMINOLOGY: PICKPOCKETS' SCHOOL.

Illustrated by LAZARUS.



Pickpocket with false right arm under his overcoat.



The crime: the real hand at work (confederate on right).



A lesson in picking pockets: removing the swag without ringing the bells on the coat.



A lesson in picking pockets: the art of using the fingers dextrously.



The real hand (under the thief's jacket) passing the swag to a confederate.



Caught in the act: the plain clothes policeman intervenes.

The Berlin police have recently had to deal with a daring gang of pickpockets, who follow the methods of Fagin in training disciples. In their school pupils learn their art on a living model, who wears a coat hung with bells, an old dodge. They must pick the pocket without ringing the bells. Another useful but not entirely new contrivance is the false arm and hand over which an overcoat is hung. The real hand is thus left free for felony. In the second picture the thief is seen at work; in the fifth he is passing the stolen pocket-book to his confederate. In the last picture justice has overtaken him.

THE COMING OF THE MOTOR-'BUS.—No. IV.: GURNEY'S SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT, 1833.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Aug. 25, 1906.—267

AN INTERESTING PIONEER: MR. GALSWORTHY GURNEY'S STEAM-CARRIAGE.

Mr Galsworthy Gurney is considered the first who made any very extensive trial of steam as an agent for traction on common roads. He made his first considerable run from London to Bath and back. The coach had a water-tube boiler, analogous to the Thornycroft boiler, and with this he obtained a remarkable circulation. The pressure was about 5 lb. to the square inch. On the Bath journey, although part of the machinery was broken, the coach did the last 84 miles from Melksham to Cranford Bridge in ten hours, including stoppages. Mr. Gurney complained to the Parliamentary Commission in 1831 of the oppressive tolls for steam-carriages. On the Liverpool and Prescot road his motor would be charged £2 8s., while a loaded stage-coach would pay only 4s. On the Bathgate road the same carriage would be charged £1 7s. 1d., while a coach drawn by four horses would pay 5s. On the Ashburnham and Totnes road the rates were £2 as against 3s., and on the Teignmouth and Dawlish roads the proportion was 12s. to 2s.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE IN A MOTOR-CAR: THE KING'S VISIT TO THE KAISER.

EXCERPT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. KEHRER.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Aug. 25, 1906.—268

THE KAISER AND THE KING MOTORING TO KRONBERG STATION AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE KING'S VISIT.

The King left Friedrichshof Castle shortly after half-past nine in the morning of August 16. His Majesty, accompanied by the Emperor, drove in a motor-car to Kronberg railway station. With their Majesties were Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia and the Duchess of Sparta. The compromise between uniform and motor dress worn by the Kaiser's two chauffeurs is rather remarkable. It will be noted that the motor-lamps are surmounted by the Imperial Crown.

AFTER TWO YEARS: THE KING AND KAISER MEET AT KRONBERG.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, BY THE TOPICAL PRESS, AND BY STANLEY.



AN IMPERIAL WELCOME: THE KAISER, HELPING HIS UNCLE TO ALIGHT AT KRONBERG.



A ROYAL FAVOURITE: TAKING THE KING'S DOG TO THE TRAIN.



AN IMPERIAL GODSPEED: THE KAISER BIDDING THE KING GOOD-BYE.



THE VISIT TO THE KAISER'S ROMAN PLAYTHING: TEA AT THE ROMAN FORT OF SAALBURG, RESTORED BY THE EMPEROR.



THE TWO MONARCHS AND THEIR PARTY AT SAALBURG.
With the King were the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Greece and Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse.

The King arrived at Kronberg Station at 8 o'clock on the morning of August 15. The Kaiser, wearing the undress uniform of the Posen Mounted Jaeger, with a steel helmet, helped the King to alight. Discerning scribes found a deep moral significance in the contrast between the Kaiser's uniform and the King's silk hat and frock coat. The monarchs greeted each other

most affectionately, and kissed on both cheeks. They motored to Friedrichshof. In the afternoon they drove to Saalburg, where the Kaiser has had the ancient military post restored exactly as it was in Roman times. The party took tea at Saalburg, and afterwards drove to Homburg. The following day King Edward left for his annual cure at Marienbad.



THE MOTOR IN THE NEW CHINESE ARMY: A REVIEW BY THE VICEROY OF KIANG-SU.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER KIRTON.

The motor-car and the bicycle have been adopted by the Chinese Army, now in process of reorganization. The present sketch was made while the Viceroy of Kiang-su was inspecting a brigade ordered to Honan to quell a rice riot. The troops have been put into khaki, and they carry Mausers with short bayonets. The men still keep the pigtail, which they tuck underneath their belts or their kits. Their belt-gear is not unlike the Sam Browne. The equipment is virtually

identical with that of the Japanese, although, if anything, it follows the German model rather more. The Staff officers have for the most part discarded pigtailed, but they still wear their hair rather long. The Viceroy's hat was surmounted by a gilt ball, from which streamed a red plume. The Celestial figure with the pigtail and long nails cut a very curious figure in the motor-car, almost as curious as his orderly, who, with flying pigtail, rode for all he was worth on his bicycle.

"JONES."

By ARTHUR LAYARD.



Illustrated by L. DAVIEL.

L.

"IT'S no use: not the least use, Mr. Diebheimer," said the painter quietly to the great Jew picture-dealer.

"I don't understand you artists," exclaimed Mr. Diebheimer rudely. "I have offered what, for you, is an enormous sum for the picture." He spread out his fat, much-begged fingers, the nails of which hooked over like claws. "It isn't even finished. I have only to show it in Bond Street and you're made. You told me you've hardly sold any stuff for the last six months. Starve then—starve, if you like it."

"If you offered me double the amount I wouldn't part with it," said the painter unmoved. "But try and be civil, if you can."

"Come, come, Mr. Warrington, no offence meant," wheedled the Jew dealer. "Finish off the picture and I will make it another fifty."

"You make me tired," replied the artist.

"Look here! I'll tell you something," said Mr. Diebheimer, stroking one paw with the other. "I don't want to flatter you, Mr. Warrington, but really you have decided genius. I know what I am talking about."

"You think you can sell my stuff, you mean. Well, here is my whole studio full of work to choose from."

"Quite so, quite so, Mr. Warrington. That may wait. I want this picture. A little bird told me about it. Now then, I'll—I'll make it two-fifty, eh?—or say three hundred? It's a wicked sacrifice on my part."

"Once for all, Diebheimer," exclaimed Warrington, flushing. "I won't sell it!"

"There, there! Think over it!" said the Jew. "You'd make a good salesman! What do you really want for it?"

"Sit down, confound you!" cried the artist. "I see I shan't get rid of you till I tell you the story."

"Well, well, what is it? A story about this picture—hey?" said the Jew, sinking on to the sofa

and lighting a cigar. "Portrait of your best girl—hey?" His laugh was oily. "You'll change your mind all right about selling."

"I shall not!" exclaimed Warrington angrily. "To begin with, it is not a portrait of my 'best girl,' as you put it in your refined way. Secondly, I doubt whether it will ever be finished. Thirdly—and listen—I didn't paint it!"

"What!" cried the amazed Jew. "Who did then? Give me his address."

"He did!" said the artist suddenly, pointing over Diebheimer's shoulder.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the dealer, starting round in his seat. As he did so, he thought he saw a faint figure of a little man in an old dressing-gown slip away from the back of the sofa. He leapt to his feet. There was nothing to be seen but the dingy brown walls of the studio, covered with paintings and sketches.

"What was that?" cried the Jew in a shaking voice. "Come, now, none of your dashed artist's practical jokes, Warrington!"

Warrington laughed. "Sit down, Diebheimer," he said.

The dealer distinctly felt two hands behind him resting lightly on his shoulders, and he was pressed gently back into his seat.

"My God, Warrington!" he whispered, quivering with fright, the sweat beading on his low forehead and thick, hooked nose. The pressure was slowly removed from his shoulders. He pulled out a red silk handkerchief and mopped his face, which had turned from a dirty sallow to a muddy white. Warrington looked at him with an amused sneer on his good-natured, handsome features.

"Brandy-and-soda, eh? A bit unpleasant, wasn't it? Help yourself."

"I'm going!" shouted the dealer, jumping to his feet and grabbing for his hat.

"Rot!" said Warrington, walking over to the entrance-door of the studio. He turned the key in the

lock and pocketed it. "You've got to hear the story now, whether you like it or not. We'll see if you want the picture after you've heard it. Here, take this arm-chair, if you don't like the sofa."

The dealer sat down and poured himself out half a tumbler of brandy neat, and swallowed it at a gulp. "Go ahead, then," he said in a low voice, and glancing nervously round the ample room.

Warrington stood looking at the Jew with folded arms, frowning, and wondering how he was going to begin his story.

The winter evening was fast drawing in. The coke crackled and glowed brightly in the large black open stove. It was snowing hard outside in the streets of Chelsea. The white flakes sank noiselessly on to the big north window in the sloping roof, and, melting from the heat below, trickled down the panes, further obscuring the already diminishing light.

At one end of the lofty studio a steep, narrow staircase led up to a wide wooden balcony, part of which was curtained off. Below this balcony was an alcove also shut off with curtains. There was but little furniture in the place. A huge table occupied a corner of the room. It was littered with illustrated magazines, writing materials, painting materials, pipes and tobacco, the remains of a scanty midday meal not yet cleared away, and all the odds and ends which artists accumulate. Beside this there were a few chairs, mostly broken, an old wash-stand, and the sofa before mentioned. Paintings and studies were everywhere, framed and unframed, on the walls, on the sides of the balcony, on the banisters of the staircase, and even on the entrance door. Hundreds of canvases were piled on the floor and stacked against the skirting and the legs of the big table in indescribable confusion. A couple of Persian rugs lay on the boards, rucked and torn. Several easels straddled their legs at various angles, and one of

Continued overleaf.



The dealer distinctly felt two hands behind him resting lightly on his shoulders.

KING ALFONSO'S FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND SINCE HIS MARRIAGE.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY KIRK.



KING ALFONSO AND QUEEN VICTORIA EUGÉNIE AT OSBORNE COTTAGE.

After Cowes Regatta the King and Queen of Spain went to Scotland, where they were the guests of Lord and Lady Leith at Fyvie Castle, Aberdeenshire, and of the Earl and Countess of Ancaster at Drummond Castle, Crieff. In Scotland King Alfonso proved himself deadly to the grouse, and he was very enthusiastic over Scotch reels which were danced by torchlight in his honour. On the 18th their Majesties left for Southampton and returned to Cowes.

them faced the two men in the centre of the studio. Upon it was the picture for which Mr. Diebheimer had expressed himself willing to make a wicked sacrifice.

There was now but little daylight filtering down from the window in the roof, and the glow from the open stove shone on this picture, the portrait of a beautiful girl—a head, slightly turned, with a black cloth thrown over it. It was superbly painted and worthy of Henner. Indeed, in some ways, it reminded one much of the mysterious poetry of the Frenchman's work. The tones of the flesh were ivory white where they were not shadowed by the sombre head-covering. The lustrous eyes were turned towards the spectator, and in deeper gloom than the pure forehead framed in dark auburn tresses. The back of the head seemed to sink into the dense, murky background. The picture was not quite finished.

H.

"Half an hour ago, Diebheimer," began Warrington, "you wouldn't have believed what I am going to tell you. I think you will now." He looked searchingly at the dealer, who shuffled uneasily in his chair.

"It was just such another day and evening as this about three weeks ago. He had been out all day trying to sell some work, and came in wet through. Ah! I forgot: you didn't know that I shared this studio with—with a chum. He sighed profoundly. "We will call him—er—'Jones,' Diebheimer. No necessity for you to know his name. It is quite sickening enough for me to have to tell you the story. If you repeat it, it will be the worse for you. I won't answer for what might happen."

"What's that, Warrington?" cried Diebheimer, gripping the arms of his chair and peering up into the gloom.

The curtains of the balcony were slowly drawn on one side, and something shadowy was leaning over the rail. It seemed to be pointing at the dealer with a menacing, outstretched finger.

"My God! Look!" hissed the Jew. "What's up there, Warrington? Now it's gone!"

The artist followed his gaze, and shrugged his shoulders. The curtains fell silently into place.

"Er—'Jones' used to sleep up there, Diebheimer. His bed is behind the hangings. My bed is below, in the alcove under the balcony."

"You're playing some damned game on me!" cried the dealer, rising in fury to his feet. He dropped his cigar and rushed to the stairs. He had not mounted two steps when he was confronted by a dim, cadaverous figure descending slowly to meet him. He stopped stone-dead, his heart turned to ice. The appearance came down close upon him, and he again felt the two hands upon his shoulders. After a ghastly pause, he was pressed quietly backwards right across the floor and into his armchair. The little figure passed away behind him and was lost in the gloom.

Warrington picked up Diebheimer's cigar and handed it to him. He took it mechanically. The man's eyes were starting from their sockets with horror, a cold perspiration on his ugly, ashy face. He was so beside himself with abject fear that there was a long interval before he was sufficiently recovered for Warrington to proceed.

"Now, Diebheimer," continued the artist. "If you will only keep still, and not behave like a fool, I will go on. Another brandy? Help yourself. Your cigar is out. You won't smoke? All right, please yourself."

"Now, then, as I was saying, it was just such another infernal evening as this some three weeks ago, and 'Jones' came in wet to the skin. He had no overcoat or umbrella. He didn't run to such luxuries; poor fellow. He had been to you, by the way, Diebheimer, with a canvas, and you were quite charming, and told him to go to Hell. He owed you one for that." Warrington looked slyly at the dealer. "You wouldn't even hear his name or look at his work."

"Well, I tried to make—er—'Jones' take off his sopping wet things, but he wouldn't. I could do nothing with him. He said he didn't care what happened. And—oh, yes!—he cursed you, Diebheimer. It is really scientific the way some of you Hebrews make us loathe you. How do you manage it, eh?"

The dealer turned savagely in his chair, and was about to ejaculate something, but thought better of it.

"Yes, that's right—keep quiet," said Warrington, with a short laugh. "Well," he went on, "you see, the poor chap wasn't very strong, to start with. He had gone all day without food and walked for miles in slush in his old boots. I suppose that soaking began the rapid pneumonia which carried him off." There was a queer choke in Warrington's voice, and he turned his back on the Jew for a minute before he continued.

"I was trying to rouse 'Jones,' and bring him to reason, when there was a knock at the door. I went over and opened it, and in walked a girl. She was hatless, and had thrown her black skirt over her head to protect her from the sleet. She was—well—if you want to know what she was like, look at that picture."

"She came across to the stove, and the light shone on her face. She glanced from 'Jones' to me, and from me to 'Jones.' Neither of us had ever seen her before."

"Do you want a model?" she said, smiling.

"'Jones' raised his eyes and looked at her without speaking. There they remained, gazing at one another for a time. They had evidently forgotten my existence."

"'Why, you're wet through, poor fellow!'" she presently exclaimed, putting her hand on his coat sleeve. "Go and change your clothes."

"He got up without a word and went up the stairs there, and did as he was told."

"'I have been trying,' said I, 'to make him do that for the last half-hour. But, my dear girl, you're very wet yourself.'"

"'Oh! I'm all right,' she answered, turning to me and smiling again. 'I'm used to it.' She stood at the stove, drying her skirts."

"What is your name?" I asked.

"'Never mind my name!' she said laughing. 'You can call me—say—Bobbie. How's that? Look here, Mr. Artist, I want to sit to your friend. Funny, isn't it? I have often seen him come out of your door.'"

"'My dear—Bobbie,' I laughed in return, 'it can't be done. We've got to sell a canvas or two before we can afford such treats as models!'"

"'Oh! That's all right!' and she snapped her fingers. 'It's only a fancy of mine. I always get what I want. Come, let's make some tea. Where do you keep the kettle?'"

"In a very short time she had got the tea ready as if she had been at home here all her life."

"Presently 'Jones' joined us in his old dressing-gown, apologising to her, and explaining shamefacedly that his other suit of clothes was 'up the spout.' We had a merry tea. He could not keep his eyes off her. She was a lovely creature, there was no doubt about that, and she was decidedly not a professional model."

"Who was she—hey?" said Diebheimer, licking his thick lips.

"I don't know, and I don't want to know; and," cried Warrington flaring up, "if I did know I certainly wouldn't tell you, Diebheimer. Stop that prurient grin, will you?" After a minute he continued.

"'Jones' told her that he would like to paint her head exactly as he had first seen her, with her black skirt pulled over it and the light of the fire shining on her face. He made several sketches from her that evening. It was arranged that she should come early next day to sit."

"Next morning he was very seedy. I had heard him coughing above me in the night, and wanted him to stay in bed. But he was in a great state of excitement about the girl who was coming, and absolutely refused to remain where he was. He insisted upon getting up, and, curiously enough, seemed to be better for doing so. Bobbie turned up at about eleven o'clock, and stayed all day. The picture was begun and made tremendous progress. The pace at which he worked when he was in the mood was phenomenal. She left the studio about six o'clock in the evening."

"I could hardly get a word out of him after she had gone. He sat in a kind of stupor, staring at the fire, suddenly jumping up at intervals to look at his canvas, and then relapsing again into silence. He was very hard hit, I could see that. You couldn't be in love, Diebheimer, if you tried. You don't know what it means, and I am certain sure I'm not going to waste my time telling you. However, you can take it from me that 'Jones' was 'head over ears'—a 'goner.'"

Warrington sighed and lighted his pipe.

"Well, next morning, the poor old chap's cough was very bad, and he was obliged to stay in bed whether he liked it or not. Bobbie came again at eleven, and the good little soul went off at once and got some beef-tea and other things from somewhere. In the afternoon he was feeling more like himself, and put on his old dressing-gown and came down and worked at Bobbie's picture for a while. When it was too dark to paint he sat and watched her, studying the tones of the firelight as it played on her face and hair."

"We made him go back to bed early. I had to go out for an hour or so, and Bobbie stayed with him till I came back. I found her sitting by his bed up there on the balcony, with his hand in hers. He was sleeping peacefully, and she told me he had dozed off almost immediately after I had left. He had hardly coughed at all."

"That night, however, he took a turn very much for the worse. I was awakened about three o'clock in the morning by his voice calling to me to go up to him."

"'Warry,' he said, 'I feel very ill indeed. I am not going to pull through this time. I know it.' I tried in vain to cheer him up and joke off his forebodings. I sat up with him the rest of the night. In the intervals between his terrible fits of coughing he talked incessantly about Bobbie. It is not necessary for you to hear what he said, Diebheimer. It isn't pleasant to see you lick your lips."

"I could not calm him, try all I could. He declared over and over again that he would finish the picture of her if it killed him. He went on, and on, and on, with short interruptions of sleep and coughing, talk, talk, talk, about how he intended to paint her; how, this time, he was going to leave a masterpiece behind him; and expatiating on the subtle harmonies of the flesh-tones and the requisite quality required for the background. His ideas wouldn't interest you, Diebheimer; you only care for what a picture will fetch in the market."

The dealer scowled unpleasantly at Warrington, but kept silent.

"Bobbie came about eight o'clock—she had a feeling that things were going wrong. I dressed at once and went out and fetched a doctor; but the man was an incompetent ass, and prescribed some abominable cough-mixture which didn't do the poor fellow any good."

"From that time onwards Bobbie never left him till he died. I made up a bed for myself here on the sofa, and gave her my alcove. We took turn about to nurse him. The doctor came once or twice, grunted, and went away. He might as well have stayed away altogether, for all the good he did. The case was a hopeless one, I believe, from the first. And even if it hadn't been, the poor crazy fellow—for he really was half-crazy now on the subject of that canvas—never gave himself a chance to get well. Every moment that he was awake he talked to us of the picture; and even in his sleep he was continually starting up and muttering about it."

"Do all we could to stop him, he actually mustered up strength enough to get out of bed and come down to the studio at least half-a-dozen times and paint like a maniac, poor Bobbie sitting to him, the tears welling in her beautiful eyes. He was forced to stop every few minutes to cough. He refused to sit at the easel—and I had to hold him as he stood and worked in his old dressing-gown." Warrington puffed furiously at his pipe.

"It was horrible—horrible, Diebheimer! But that's enough about that. I can't bear to think or talk of it."

"He died in Bobbie's and my arms late in the afternoon of the fourth day, his palette and brushes in his hand. His last thought and last words were, 'I shall finish it!' uttered three times in a clear low voice but with terrible energy, and then 'Come back, Bobbie darling, till I finish it,' as he leant over and kissed her on the lips, and so passed quietly away."

The picture was only half finished.

"I carried him up there to his bed on the balcony. He weighed no heavier than a child of ten. Dear little Bobbie cried her heart out; and trying to comfort her kept me somewhat from thinking of my own dreadful

sorrow." Warrington's eyes were full of tears, and it was some time before he could continue.

"He was buried at the end of the week. But I can cut all that!" he exclaimed harshly. "Now listen, Diebheimer! Remember that the picture was only half finished." There was no need to tell the dealer to listen. He seemed to know that Warrington was approaching the climax of his story.

"After the funeral Bobbie came back here with me in the afternoon. We were sitting silently together, too broken-hearted for words. Alas! she had lost her love—I had lost my chum. That conveys nothing to you, Diebheimer. It is absurd to imagine that you ever loved anyone, or that anyone ever made a chum of you. "We were," repeated Warrington, "sitting silently together when the curtains up there were pulled softly aside, and we saw—er—something leaning over the balcony."

"Saw what?" exclaimed Diebheimer.

"Well—er—'Jones,' said Warrington, "in his old dressing-gown."

"Damn you, Warrington! You—you said he died," cried the Jew.

"Well—er—so he did," replied Warrington, in a low voice, and paused. "Presently," he resumed, "we saw a shadowy figure feebly descending the stairs, holding on by the rail. We sat terror-stricken. I don't mind confessing it, for myself, anyhow, that I was petrified with fear. I am used to it now." Warrington laughed hoarsely.

Diebheimer sat clutching his chair-arms, the glow from the stove glimmering on his greasy face, starting eyeballs and crinkly black hair.

Warrington continued: "It came across the floor from the foot of the stairs to the table, and gathered up—er—'Jones'' painting tackle, and, gliding over to the easel, looked long at the picture. All the movements were soundless. Except for the whisper of our breathing, the studio was as silent as death. It turned towards Bobbie and held up a thin, wasted hand. She rose like an automaton from her chair in the appalling stillness, and, throwing her black skirt over her head, assumed the proper pose. It was shocking, Diebheimer, to see that awful shadow painting—painting—painting. My God! It was horrible!"

"After half-an-hour of inexpressible anguish, poor Bobbie fell suddenly forward on the floor in a dead faint. The noise of her fall broke the ghastly spell. I rushed to her help, and lifted her on to the sofa. I glanced over my shoulder. The space before the easel was vacant."

"I was sooner than I expected in bringing the poor child to her senses. She sat cowering and fluttering in my arms, sobbing and wailing. I have a vague recollection later on of letting her out into the street, and soon after fleeing myself from the studio. I must have walked the streets for hours—how long I don't know—and eventually gone to sleep, worn out, on a seat on Chelsea Embankment. I was routed out by a policeman at about six o'clock in the morning. It was pitch dark, and raining. I managed to get a cup of coffee and a roll in a by-street; but it was not till nearly ten o'clock that I mustered up courage to come back here. Bobbie was standing on the doorstep, as white as a sheet."

"'I feel him calling me, Warry,' she said, clinging to me. 'I feel him calling to me. Do you remember his last words to me? They have run in my brain all night. My God! How shall I bear it? Oh, Warry, Warry, surely we were dreaming yesterday afternoon? It never happened!'"

"Since I had had my morning coffee I had begun to think that we had, perhaps, been suffering from an hallucination. At any rate, as we stood together on the step, I tried to make her believe so. I opened the door of the studio and we came in."

"Alas! it was no fancy or imagination on our part. The terrible figure was there at the easel, waiting, and again raised a commanding, outstretched finger. Bobbie clung to me and waited. I could feel her trembling violently and her heart beating a wild tattoo; and it made a man of me. I pulled myself together, but I felt as if I was going mad."

"'Come, Bobbie,' I said, 'there is nothing to be frightened at. No possible harm can come to you.' I coaxed and quieted her, and drew her shuddering into the room, and closed the door after us. At last she sat again, whilst I held her hand and talked to her to keep up her courage; and mine too for that matter."

"Think of it, Diebheimer! Think of the awfulness—the horror of it! This fearful ordeal went on at intervals for four successive days, the picture gradually growing into the superb thing you now see it, that haggard, grisly figure noiselessly working—working, until it put away and made ready palette and brushes for next time and then crawled silently up the stairs again to the balcony."

"One gets used to anything in time. On the third night after the funeral I actually came back here to sleep—and have slept here ever since. The frightful strain, however, for poor little Bobbie was more than she could bear for very long. It was on the afternoon of the fourth day that she again fainted clean away."

"It was a long time before she came round. I wanted to see her home, but she would not let me, and like a fool I promised I would not follow her. Next day I got a telegram from her saying that she was ill in bed; the day after another to say she was worse. That is just nine days ago. I have heard not a word since. I have hunted high and low to find her, and all my efforts have resulted in nothing. You see, I don't even know her name. I have a horrible presentiment that I shall never see her again—poor little Bobbie!"

There was a double rat-tat on the knocker and a ring at the bell, startling both the men. Warrington took the key from his pocket, strode across the studio, and threw open the door. He took the telegram from the boy and brought it over to the fire-light. It was unsigned, and read thus—"Bobbie died peacefully this morning at nine o'clock. Her last words were—tell dear old Warry, and give him my love and good-bye, and God bless him."

The tears gushed into Warrington's eyes, and he turned to hand the telegram to Mr. Diebheimer. But the Jew dealer had fled out into the street.

Warrington cannot get anyone to share his studio.

THE END.

THROUGH THE CAMERA'S EYE: NEWS RECORDS IN SNAPSHOTS.



THE RIVAL CAPTAINS TOSsing FOR INNINGS.



ONE OF THE CAPTAINS HITS A BOUNDARY.

TOP HAT CRICKET: A VETERANS' MATCH IN THE OLD COSTUME.

The Norfolk and Suffolk veterans met at Yarmouth on August 16. The youngest player was fifty-five; the oldest, seventy-five; and both umpires were eighty-six. The players wore the old costume with the top hat. The bowling was underhand, and one of the bowlers, Captain Brasnett, did the hat trick. One side scored 112, and the other 77. The best individual score was 31.



Photo. Burton

KING EDWARD'S CUP FOR YANKEE YACHTS: THE START.

King Edward's Cup, valued at a thousand guineas, is to be held by the New York Yachting Club in perpetuity, the winner to receive a trophy each year. The first race, on August 8, was won by the sloop "Effort."



Braid. Vardon. [Photo, Fairbrother.]

GREAT GOLFERS IN SCOTLAND: BRAID AND VARDON AT DORNOCH.

On August 14 James Braid, the open champion, played Harry Vardon, four times open champion, at Dornoch. The match was of thirty-six holes, and Braid won by five up and four to play.



A FENCE OF COSSACK LANCES AND SABRES AT TOKIO.

A RUSSIAN WAR TROPHY AT TOKIO: A 24-CENTIMETRE GUN.

The Japanese have just set up their war trophies in Tokio on the side of the Chiyoda Hill. The exhibition is encircled by a fence of many thousand Russian rifles and of Cossack lances and sabres.



Reber & Munsterberg.

THE FUNERAL OF "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS": A CAR OF WREATHS.

Mrs. Craigie, "John Oliver Hobbs," was buried at Kensal Green Cemetery on August 17. The Requiem Mass was said at the church of the Jesuit Fathers in Farm Street. The wreaths were quite remarkable for number and beauty.

SAVING ENGLAND'S NATURAL BEAUTIES AND HISTORIC



Elsewhere the Secretary of the National Trust for the Preservation of Places of Natural Beauty and Historic Interest deals with the admirable work of his society. On these pages we illustrate names and brief descriptions of the places saved, and also the prices paid. The Trust is now appealing

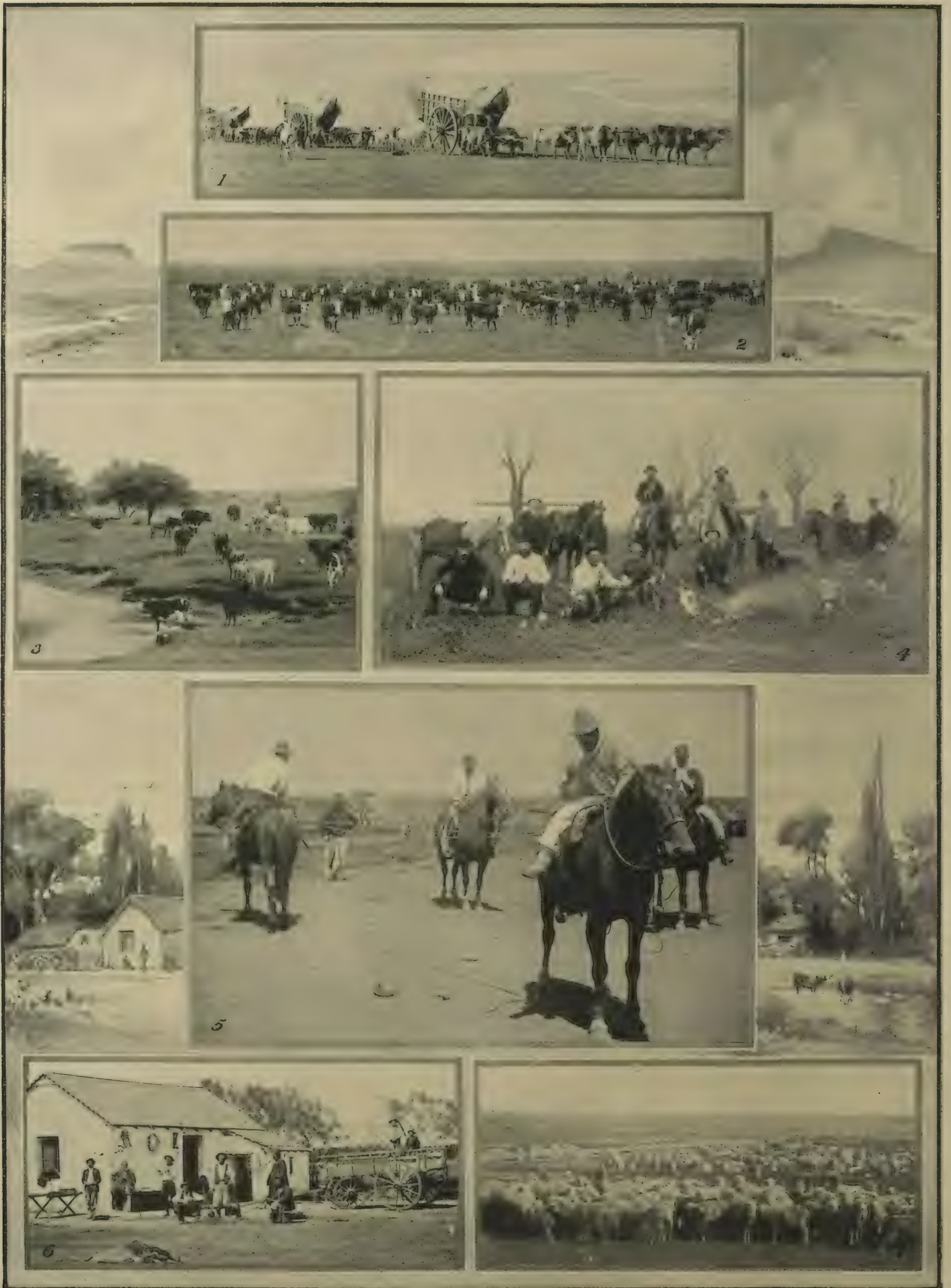
RELICS: THE SPLENDID WORK OF THE NATIONAL TRUST.



the most beautiful and interesting places saved by the Trust from disfigurement or demolition. The tables printed above show at a glance what has been accomplished. They contain the for funds to save Barrington Court, a beautiful Tudor Hall near Ulmister, now falling into decay.

THE BOERS' LATEST TREK: ARGENTINE PROMISED LAND ABANDONED.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE EXCLUSIVE NEWS AGENCY.



1. TREKKING IN UNREWARDING ARGENTINA.

2. POOR PRICES: CATTLE AT HALF-A-GUINEA A HEAD IN CHUBUT.

3. BOERS WATERING CATTLE.

4. BOERS AND WELSHMEN AT CHUBUT.

5. BOERS AS COW-PUNCHERS.

6. BOER FARM AT CHUBUT.

7. SHEEP AT HALF-A-CROWN A HEAD IN CHUBUT.

A number of Boer emigrants, despairing of happiness under the British rule, and considering that a further great trek in Africa is impossible, emigrated to the Welsh colony of Chubut, in the Argentine Republic, where they raised cattle and sheep at (alas!) half-a-guinea and two-and-six a head. One account says that things have now grown so bad that the Boer settlers are leaving Argentina as fast as they can scrape together their passage money. On the other hand, it is asserted that the settlers are doing well, and the warning to intending emigrants was issued by the Transvaal Government after strong representations to Lord Selborne by the Boer leaders on behalf of Het Volk. The Boers desire to stem the tide of emigration, and prevent the loss of well-to-do farmers.

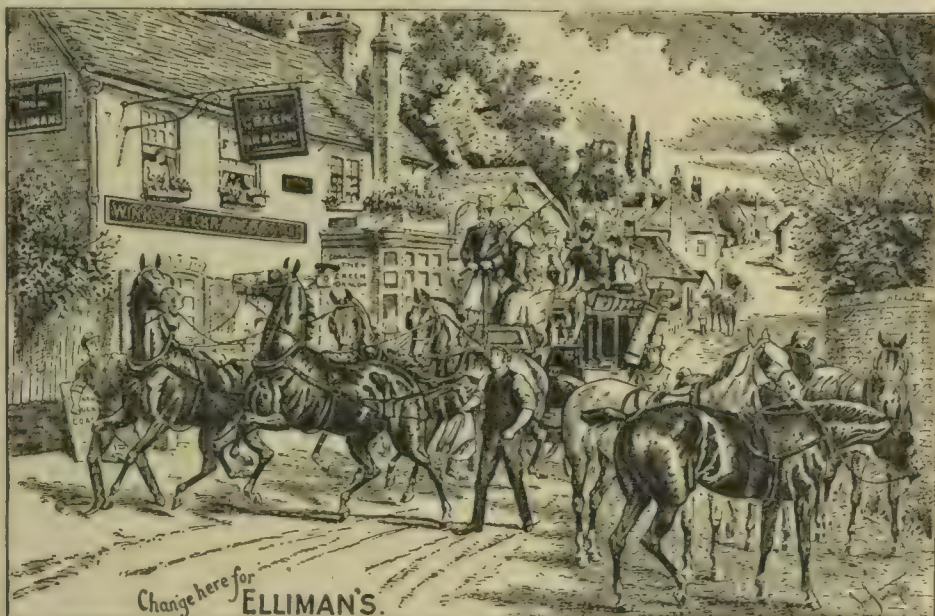
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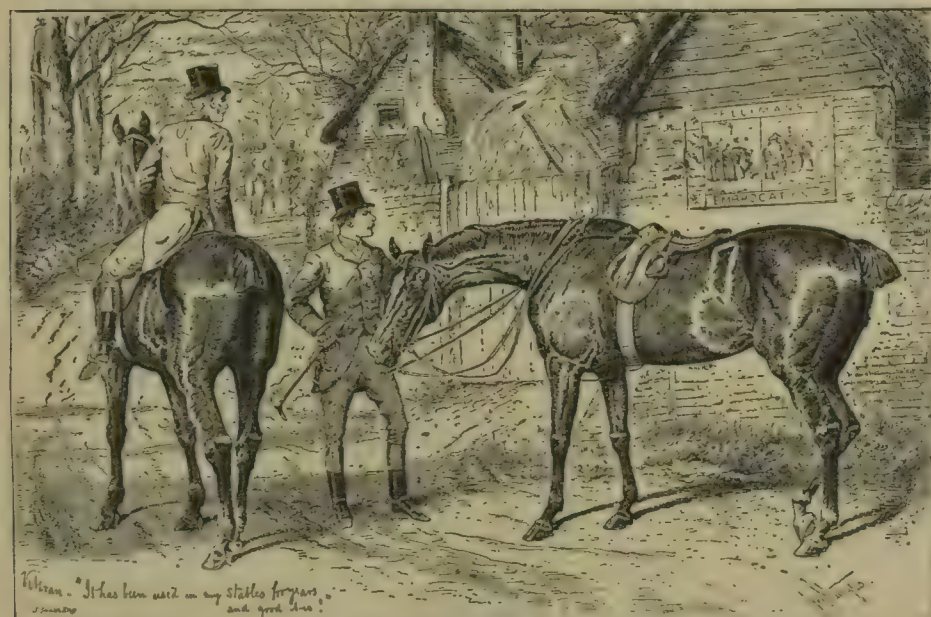
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ELLIMAN'S USEFUL TO FIREMEN.



TAKES FIRST PRIZE AND GIVES THANKS TO ELLIMAN'S



SERGEANT: "ELLIMAN'S I WILL HAVE OR I WILL HAVE NONE!"

LADIES' PAGES.

THE Select Committee that has been inquiring into the question of giving free meals to school-children has reported by a majority in favour of that course. Everybody must sympathise with the unhappy children who are not properly fed, from whatsoever reason, but it is to be feared, and experience shows, that by such acceptance of the duty of parents by the public funds more harm is done in the long run than the immediate good counterbalances. Is it to be expected that a lad and girl who were themselves fed by the school funds in childhood will not look on it as quite reasonable to leave their children in ten or twelve years' time to the same source of supply? If it were possible to ensure that only the children of the genuinely out-of-work father, or of the mother so overburdened in her widowhood that she cannot properly feed her family unaided, or of the invalided parents, and so on, were to be fed, there would be but little objection to the proposal. But these cases ought to be provided for by the ordinary Poor Law, which has a large staff of officials on purpose to inquire into the genuineness of want, and then to relieve it. If the case be not genuine, and the child lacks food because the parents are either idle or drunken, then the law ought to be put in motion by the same Poor Law officials who have investigated the case. Why should there be a fresh expensive army of inquiry officers to investigate the family condition for the sake of the school meals alone; yet without that how can the cases be limited?

The Committee advise that the rate to pay for these meals shall be only a halfpenny in the pound, but we know by experience that no such limitation can be maintained; and, indeed, if there be any reason for feeding children at all, there can be no justification for leaving out some who equally need it merely because a halfpenny in the pound will not pay for them. Rates are not drawn from the wealthy alone; but, of course, every honest, capable working-man who keeps his own offspring, every poor, struggling widow toiling to hold her little family together, every single woman gaining a miserable pittance by her unskilled labour, every old woman starving in a cold and desolate hovel in order to keep out of the workhouse, every aged couple who have brought up their own family, will be taxed to pay for meals for the children of parents who, in the vast majority of cases, could, if they behaved properly, feed their own children. The Committee naturally say that, when a father can and does not pay for the dinner for his child, he must be made to do so, but they fail to realise that the cost of inquiry into the father's habits and then of compelling these small payments by law would be prohibitive.

If the opportunity be taken, however, to show that we can live adequately on cheap forms of food, benefit



A TRAVELLING COAT.

Plaid tweed builds this useful and smart coat; the loose front has passed under it the belt of darker cloth that fits the garment to the figure at the back and sides, and the revers and cuffs are also faced with the darker cloth.

might result in this direction. Some of the most stalwart men in the world are reared on food that our average working person would consider utterly inadequate. Rice is the staple diet material, for instance, of many millions. The Lascar seamen on board our own East-bound ships can be seen day after day at dinner squatting contentedly round a great pan of rice, which they eat with their fingers after dipping it in some relishing sauce, generally plain ghee, their vegetable butter. The Japanese and the Chinese are rice-fed mainly, and the Burmese have rice for practically every meal, and are strong and well-grown. The Arabs, again, who carry great weights and are of full stature and active beyond the average of the people in this country, eat chiefly lentils and rice aided by dates and fruit in small quantities. But few of our working-class mothers would think of preparing a big bowl of rice, flavoured with onions and dripping or margarine, for their family's supper; and even in Scotland the invaluable and cheap oatmeal is now being to a great extent neglected.

To tell poor people that they ought to make use of such foods, indeed, is often to provoke them to wrath; just because foods are cheap they are objected to, no matter how wholesome and nourishing they may be proved to be; and the advice to employ such viands on the ground that they are at once cheap and strengthening is often received as an outrageous insult. It was not so in past times; our people used to eat wholemeal bread and oatmeal perforce. But now, fed on baker's white loaves and Chicago tinned meats, the race keeps on deteriorating, and will do so until the lesson is learned, and more scientific and sensible food adopted. The age at which the State-fed child will leave school is exactly that at which his food becomes most important to sustain his growth and compensate for his beginning his labouring exertions. Will the State kitchens that it is now proposed to set up in our schools dare to provide such educational diets?

Educated women of all ranks are sensible enough to follow economy without considering themselves insulted, as the ignorant and thriftless do, by the suggestion that this point should be considered in making domestic plans. It is a pity that the mistresses of homes are often not sufficiently instructed, even when willing and anxious, to make the wisest possible use of their resources.

Rice, for example, is a standard food that is not in this country adequately valued, though everybody might learn its nourishing power by the facts above mentioned. Still, it does not alone suffice to supply all that is required to nourish a growing child; the addition of milk, or of some meat, or for vegetarians, of eggs or nuts, is needed. The use of treacle with rice, the good old nursery formula, is wise on another physiological ground. But it is not good to offer the same dish too often, even to children; variety is necessary, and

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we should not neglect as we do in this country the occasional cooking of rice as a savoury. Risotto, which is merely rice cooked with savoury instead of with sweet flavourings, is a great favourite in Italy, and it might be offered advantageously at a British family table from time to time. The foundation of the dish is cooking a sufficient quantity of rice in stock instead of in milk or water. The stock can be made from bones and the remains of cold meat, or, best of all, from what is left of a chicken; and it will naturally be flavoured nicely; but boiled with the rice itself in the stock should be a couple of small onions, stuck with cloves, a carrot, and in winter a few outside sticks of celery. The stock used should only be sufficient to be nearly all absorbed by the rice, which should not be cooked to a mash, while, nevertheless, fully cooked to burst each grain, else it is indigestible. To serve it, the vegetables cooked in it are taken out, and a small quantity of some flavouring introduced, such as a few mushrooms stewed or baked in the oven and chopped, or some shreds of a cold chicken; but even this is not necessary, for a beaten egg and a pat of butter stirred in the flavoured rice will make it a delicious dish. It should be served alone, and eaten as a separate course. Or again, rice thus cooked served as an addition to a small boiled chicken will make it "go round" where otherwise it would have been insufficient. In this case, or when similarly accompanying roast neck of lamb, the rice is nicer if it is coloured a little yellow with a tiny pinch of saffron, and used as a bed under the meat in the dish.

There is, of course, no positive fashion news, but there are already indications of the autumn styles, and one point that is certain is that the Princess gown made all in one is to be fashionable. It is not the perfectly plain sheath-like gown that was in vogue some years ago, and that is very unfavourable to all figures save the few perfect ones—the slim, yet full and tall.

The new Princess, as devised by the clever Parisian dressmakers, has a good deal of trimming on the front of the corsage portion; a vest may appear in the centre, with revers at either side, or there may be a fichu drapery, or lines of rather wide passementerie. A very good style is to cut away the top of the bodice in front, leaving it apparently upheld only by straps, pinafore fashion, with a pretty trimming of lace or soft material set in on the lining under the straps, so as to simulate a blouse. The braces are perhaps carried on over the back, which is also cut away a little; or the back of the Princess may be quite straight and plain up to the collar, for the drapings necessary just below the waist to give the fulness required to the skirt will alone suffice to relieve the effect from too tight plainness there. In that case, the brace effect will end in



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the shoulder seam and be visible at the front alone. As usual, in details there will be innumerable points of difference, but the robe made all in one is to be the foundation. Even with the aid of drapery and trimming, however, it is trying.

The pinafore idea need not be carried out in Princess style, as the skirt can be made corselet fashion, cut off under the bust, and the pinafore-like straps or braces carried thence over the shoulders above a really separate blouse. This is a good way of making up a cloth or a fine tweed or fancy woollen material, as the blouse can be soft silk or crêpe-de-Chine or anything dainty, to relieve the firmer fabric in effect.

It has been stated that the corselet will not be continued to be worn this autumn; but, on the contrary, almost every model that I see newly arrived here, and emanating from the leading and authoritative designers of Vienna (which is supreme for tailor-made styles) and from Paris, is of the corselet order. I think, therefore, that there is every reason to expect that the corselet will continue in full fashion. There is no reason why it should not do so, as it has many advantages. It is possible to wear the bolero over it as short or as low as suits the individual figure, and this little top coatee can be slipped off altogether in the house, leaving the blouse alone in wear, so that it is just suitable for the autumn, when one cannot tell in this dear, delightful climate from one day to the next what the weather and the temperature are going to treat us to, and when a frock is so easily found either too hot or too cool on successive days. The corselet is varied by a number of devices. The trimming on the bolero alone makes a variety, and fancy can be expressed there in an infinite number of details. The difficulty for ordinary wearers about all gowns that are cut all in one is that a very considerable degree of skill is necessary on the part of the fitter to make the line of the waist sit in nicely; it is infinitely more difficult to do this when the skirt and corsage are all in one piece, and therefore need to be sloped in to the figure closely and accurately in the cutting, than it is to secure a correct fit in a separate skirt and bodice, even if this latter have a basque that is to be made to fit well. Our modistes have had so long a period of loose-fitting gowns that they will find it more difficult at once to regain the knack of cutting well the gowns that are to fit the outline closely and yet are to be all in one piece. This is of no consequence, however, to the wealthy women with good dress allowances who can afford to employ good workpeople, and, of course, of them alone does fashion take cognisance. So I think it safe to prophesy the continued vogue of the corselet for the autumn frocks.

Messrs. Waring and Gillow have issued a useful and charmingly got-up brochure, entitled "On the Choice of a Piano." It contains much useful information and many practical hints, and any of my readers who are contemplating such a purchase should apply for a copy, which will be sent free, on mentioning this Journal in the application, to Messrs. Waring and Gillow, Oxford Street, W. FILOMENA.

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ART NOTES.

MR. STEER'S portrait of himself, now on its way to Florence, will hang, in the Uffizi, among other pictures bearing British signatures, one that has often puzzled the visitor. Catalogued as by Goodsall Middleton, "Anglais, vivant," this canvas seems to constitute its painter's one claim to fame. Is it that Italy has been left to discover English talent unknown in England, on the principle that the prophet lacks honour in his own country? Certainly France has become so cordial in her admiration of the art of this island that she will soon put insular enthusiasms to shame. The latest acquisition made by the Galleries of the Louvre leaves no doubts as to its nationality. The name it bears will smack of England even to the least expert: a portrait of an old woman by Charles Howard Hodges.

If Mr. Charles Howard Hodges be undoubtedly British, Fragonard was essentially Gallic; and the centenary of his death, Aug. 22, has been marked by celebrations and memorials. One of these memorials is to be set up in a garden of the Louvre that faces the apartments in the palace where Fragonard for some time had his domicile. Would that Fragonard's delightful art were represented in our National Gallery in so exceptional a manner as is Mr. Henry Howard Hodges' in the Louvre and Mr. Goodsall Middleton's in the Uffizi!

It has long been known that Signor Caruso has a very pretty talent for caricature. None of his fellows on the operatic stage has escaped his lightning pencil. But the incomparable tenor draws under unusual circumstances: he draws in the moments of excitement (of nervousness, it might be said, were Signor Caruso a less experienced performer) that immediately precede his singing. In a drawing-room the five minutes before he is to delight his audience is feverishly employed in making drawings of those around him on any scrap of paper that is at hand; while at Covent Garden the tenor is working almost as hard at one art behind the scenes as he is at another while he is before them.

One of the features of the Milan Exhibition is a collection of the works of Giovanni Segantini, the greatest master of modern Italy, unless Mr. Sargent establishes the claim of Signor Mancini to stand in the very forefront of her recent painting. In the Milan

Exhibition may also be seen the Segantini monument, which has been sculptured by Signor Leonardo Bistolfi.

More vital than the question which is stirring the art students of London of copying at the Wallace is that of photographing at the British Museum. It has been intimated that persons wishing for photographs of anything in the Museum, from a Rembrandt drawing to an Etruscan vase, must send their own camera and pay a fee to the authorities. Much more convenient is the

our cousins with the dollars. It is indeed annoying that so many pitfalls should be prepared for the enthusiast. But while it is said that the forger has never before proved himself so clever as during the past year, the study of prices paid for "doubtful" works has never before fallen so low. When the buyer learns to seek honest and competent advice, the forger's career is at an end.

Mrs. Edwards, whom, with her late husband, Fantin Latour counted among his most intimate friends, is one of the few living women whose portrait may be seen in the National Galleries of two countries. The splendid group of husband and wife by Fantin-Latour is one of the most interesting of recent acquisitions in Trafalgar Square, and now the same artist's wife has presented to the City of Paris a memorable portrait of Mrs. Edwards alone.

Long years of service are the rule in our museums, except in the particular instance that is now exciting some newspaper notice. Whatever may be the case among stuffed birds, the keeping of coins and medals is a task that runs smoothly. Mr. Barclay V. Head has recently retired from that department of the British Museum after forty-two years' work. A Head Testimonial Fund Committee, with its president in Sir John Evans, is now preparing a memorial volume of essays on subjects with which Mr Head's life-work has been connected. The vacant keepership has been fitly assigned to Mr. H. A. Grueber. W. M.



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system in force at the Victoria and Albert Museum, where an official photographer does your work, and charges accordingly. It is surely right that time, trouble, and expense should be saved as much as is possible in the matter of reproducing for the public their own art treasures.

As a result of the many forgeries of Corot, of Diaz, and of other of the great French painters who have for long commanded high prices in America, the results of auction sales in New York are puzzling and disturbing

of Ireland. Within the next few days an event of much national importance will take place—an event which will in all probability have the effect of materially increasing the prosperity of the southern parts of Ireland. On Aug. 30 next the splendid enterprise of the Great Western Railway in constructing a new harbour with extensive works at Fishguard will be consummated by the inauguration of a service by the shortest sea passage between England and Ireland. The distance between Fishguard and Rosslare is fifty-four nautical miles only, and the magnificent turbine vessels which will be placed on the service will cover this distance in about two and three-quarter hours.

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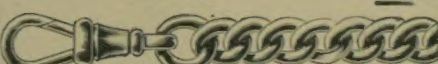
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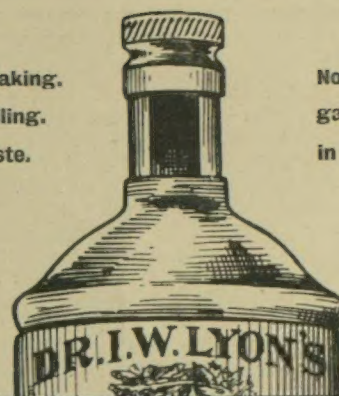
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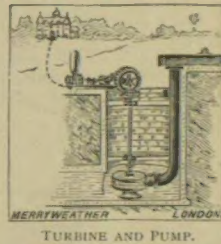
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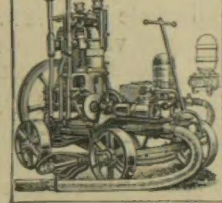
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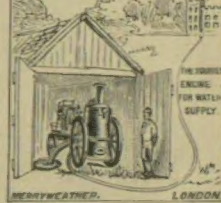
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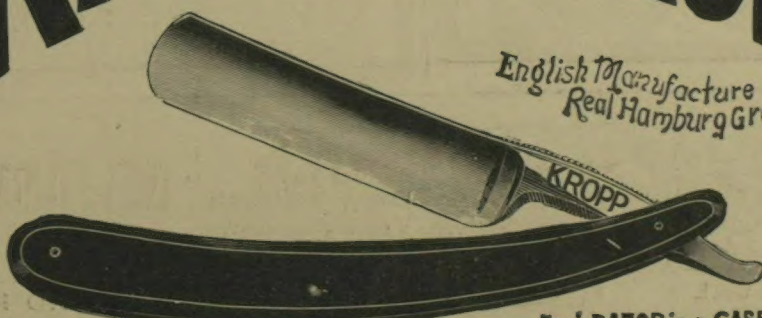
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MUSIC.

TO one who writes the biography of a living musician a certain measure of enthusiasm may be permitted, for if he be no enthusiast there is little excuse for the book. At the same time, the zealous advocate of any master's claims to immortality must needs temper his love with judgment; he must show some evidence of the possession of a sober critical faculty; he must be prepared to believe that men may not see eye to eye with him and yet be honest, responsible, and justified of their convictions. Music speaks in many voices, and not all men hear one message.

In writing about "Edward Grieg" (John Lane), a composer for whom we entertain much admiration and a sincere respect, Mr. H. T. Finck shows an alarming lack of discretion. We could pardon the slipshod English, and forget or forgive outbursts of feeling that land the writer in a slough of mere words; but it is impossible to avoid the thought that Grieg's high position in the world of music is not strengthened by either his biographer's indiscriminate praise or by the condemnation of those who do not place the eminent Norwegian in the front rank of composers living or dead. "Such people," remarks Mr. Finck, *à propos* of those who rank Grieg lower than he does, "if they happen to be writers for the press, will devote columns to every new elephantine 'tone poem' by the unmelodious Richard Strauss, while ignoring entirely a collection of ravishing new melodies like those in one of Grieg's last works, 'The Mountain Maid.'" Happily, Mr. Finck finds hope in the future; the next generation "will know and sing and love" certain songs. Moreover, in the concert-halls of the future "no chamber music will be more frequently played than Grieg's superb string quartet and his no less admirable sonatas for violin and piano. Mr. Finck would not give Solveig's Cradle Song "for all the songs of Brahms, Hugo Wolf and Richard Strauss put together." We have no doubt that the statement enables us to form a very fair judgment of Mr. Finck's taste, but he was not called upon to give

himself away. His taste in music gives us less concern than amusement.

If Edward Grieg were a patent medicine or a soap or a hair-restorer the theme would be on all fours with the treatment. But he is a man of parts and of considerable achievement, and he is hardly used by his indiscriminate biographer, who writes of "blinking lakes that sink their deep thoughts to starlit skies," whatever that may mean, and of a teacher who "seized the boy by his hair until his eyes were black," and quotes without translation from American into English a letter that says of Grieg, "He speaks English some, but not so much as his wife." Grieg is a writer of charming, delicate, and original music, his form and development are his own, he has extended the boundaries of melodic and harmonic expression, and much of his convention is very pretty and attractive. He is a composer whose work all must love at a certain period of their development, but many will outgrow this devotion and find that, as their musical education deepens and widens, Grieg does not satisfy them entirely.

The announcement is made that Mr. Marconi has become interested in the talking-machine, and intends to devote his ingenuity and inventive genius towards its development. In this connection it is interesting to recall that the talking-machine of to-day owes its very life to the inventions of Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone. Mr. Marconi has associated himself as chief consulting physicist with the Columbia Phonograph Company, the owners of Professor Bell's fundamental patents in the art of recording and reproducing sound waves. A recent invention in sound reproduction covers the discovery of a new principle of reinforcing or magnifying the sound-vibrations so that the tone is augmented to an astonishing degree. This principle has found practical application in the Columbia sound-magnifying gramophone, which reproduces an ordinary record with sixteen times the volume that would be given by the same record on a machine not fitted with the new device.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

IN the diocese of Manchester much sympathy has been expressed for Dr. Moorhouse in his bereavement. Mrs. Moorhouse, wife of the former Bishop, was the elder daughter of the late Dr. Sale, who was Vicar of Sheffield when the future Bishop of Manchester was a curate at Sheffield Parish Church. A touching reference to Mrs. Moorhouse was made by Canon Scott in his sermon at Manchester Cathedral on the Sunday following her death.

The Rev. Evan Hopkins, who has resigned the Vicarage of St. Luke's, South Kensington, has long been one of the favourite speakers at the Keswick Convention. Mr. Hopkins has many friends among Nonconformists, and his literary work finds admirers in all denominations. He intends for the future to devote his whole time to mission effort on Keswick lines.

Dr. Edward Perry, Bishop of Guiana, will reach Southampton next week from the West Indies. He is hoping to obtain further help for an important mission district in his diocese.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Davidson have left for a brief holiday in Italy. During September they will make a round of visits in Scotland. It is important that the Archbishop should have a complete rest, as he will be much occupied when Parliament meets again for the Autumn Session.

The annual national service for seafarers is to be held at St. Paul's Cathedral on Wednesday, Oct. 10. The demand for tickets last year was far in excess of the accommodation available. The name of the preacher on this important occasion has not yet been announced.—V.

"Tweenies" are little cigars made for this hurrying, worrying age, when a man so often has not time for a big cigar. "Tweenies" are made of really good tobacco, but, being small, they are inexpensive—three-halfpence each—and one can get them in packets of two or four or in boxes of fifty or a hundred.



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It is a curious fact that it is the little things that count for most in life. Slight causes produce grave illnesses, and attention to simple rules will secure health and prolong life. "What soap do you use?" seems an unimportant, if not an impertinent, question, until it is remembered that not only does the health of the skin, but that of the whole body depend on its perfect cleansing, and on the pores being free and open. If these facts are remembered, it will be readily perceived how much a wise choice of soap contributes to one's ease, health, and happiness.

In choosing a soap, it is so easy to pay attention to comparatively unimportant points and ignore the essential ones. People are frequently taken by a dainty put-up, a fascinating perfume, and pretty appearance, whilst they fail to consider what the soap is made of, whether it really takes dirt out of the skin, as well as off it, or how its use will affect tender, irritable, sensitive skin. The first thing to think about in choosing a soap should have regard to the materials of which it is composed. Are these pure, sweet and wholesome? Is the soap a perfect cleanser? Will it help the skin to perfect its functions? Can it safely be used by those whose skin is sensitive? Is it a safe soap for children? Will it make the skin beautiful, supple and soft, or will it rob it of its natural oil and make it harsh, red, and ugly in appearance? Will it lather well, and is it a good soap for use with hard as well as with soft water? When satisfactory replies have been obtained to these

questions it will be time enough to discuss its perfume, appearance, and other such minor details.

The tests already indicated are those that should be applied to "Pynozone Soap," which you are advised to try, and in regard to which a special offer is made in the concluding paragraph of this article. It is, first of all, a dainty, creamy-white soap, with a delicious, refreshing, pine-like odour, which is most acceptable; and one of its great advantages is that it takes dirt and dust out of the



"Pynozone Soap" is the most pleasant I have ever used."

skin as well as off the skin, and it is thus a thorough cleanser, and keeps the pores open, free, clear, and able to perform their important functions thoroughly. Skin-breathing is as important as lung-breathing, and if the work of either be interfered with the health suffers. As for the absolute purity of the materials used in the manufacture of "Pynozone Soap," this is beyond question, and the methods of manufacture adopted are the very latest,

most approved and efficient, so that you have a soap that is technically perfect. "Pynozone Soap" lathers well, but at the same time it is economical in use, and one tablet will go a long way. "Pynozone Soap" cannot injure the most delicate skin; it is free from excess of alkali, so that it beautifies the skin and makes it supple and keeps it free from blackheads, oiliness, and other such blemishes. These are some of the reasons why "Pynozone Soap" should always be used.



"Pynozone Soap" is first favorite in the Nursery.

incense-breathing pines, with feet sinking into the heather and fir-needles, whilst one listens to the sighing of the wind and the sweet songs of birds. There is health and new life in the breath of the pines, and there is skin health in "Pynozone Soap," and it needs to be used but once to convince the user that it is the one perfect soap for the skin.

Then, again, there is no soap equal to "Pynozone Soap" for nursery purposes. Whatever has been said of the importance of using the right soap applies with far greater force to the soap used in the nursery. It is want of knowledge that accounts for soap being used for the delicate skin of young children that works irreparable damage to its dainty texture. Soaps containing free alkali, however pretty they may look, and however charmingly they may be perfumed, are absolutely fatal if applied to a baby's skin or hair. It takes the bloom off the skin, makes it dry, renders the hair brittle and wanting in glossy silkiness. "Pynozone Soap" brings out the beauty of the skin and hair, and keeps it fresh and exquisitely clear.

Another point that may be mentioned in connection with "Pynozone Soap" is the fact that it is an ideal soap for shampooing purposes. In many cases baldness is the result of unhealthiness of the scalp, and it may be prevented by regular shampooing with "Pynozone Soap." If men shampooed the hair once a week and ladies once a fortnight with "Pynozone Soap" and warm water the scalp would be kept healthy, free from scurf and dandruff, and the hair-growth would be luxuriant and beautiful.

Wherever the Englishman goes he carries his bath with him, and his morning tub is familiar to the inhabitants of every country into which he has penetrated. It is a great compliment to the Englishman that his desire for personal cleanliness should be regarded as one of his chief characteristics. People understand nowadays that frequent bathing is not a fad, but a means of maintaining the body in perfect health and vigour; but to get the utmost enjoyment from the bath "Pynozone Soap" should be used.

As a bath soap, "Pynozone Soap" is unequalled. After a hot, tiring day or long journey by rail, motor, or cycle, a bath with "Pynozone Soap" is indescribably refreshing. It opens the pores of the skin, liberates their activities, but it works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of the perfect complexion. It is not exaggeration to say that the use of "Pynozone Soap" will save doctors' bills, because the proper care of the skin promotes healthy circulation, and helps every function of the body, from the action of the muscles to the digestion of the food. Purity, sweetness, refreshing and delightful cleanliness, and the glow of health follow the use of "Pynozone Soap," which is as pure as the pines. The whole body is cooled, and a sensation of new life and vigour displaces those of weariness and languor. That the praise given to "Pynozone Soap" is not exaggerated will be apparent if you make the simple experiment of trying a bath with "Pynozone Soap."

"Pynozone Soap" can be obtained of all chemists and stores at 6d. per tablet, or three tablets in a box for 1s. 6d. Your chemist can obtain "Pynozone Soap" for you, and will be glad to do so if you ask him. Everyone should try "Pynozone Soap," because it follows that if once used it will always be used. The makers therefore offer a BEAUTIFUL GIFT to every reader of this announcement who is willing to accept it. In return for a postal order for sixpence, they will send a sixpenny tablet of "Pynozone Soap," and present you with a handsome tortoiseshell soap case, decorated in gold, so that you can carry your tablet of "Pynozone Soap" in your travelling-bag wherever you go. For this free gift, write the Pynozone Company, Castle Rd., Kentish Town, London, and mention *Illustrated London News*.



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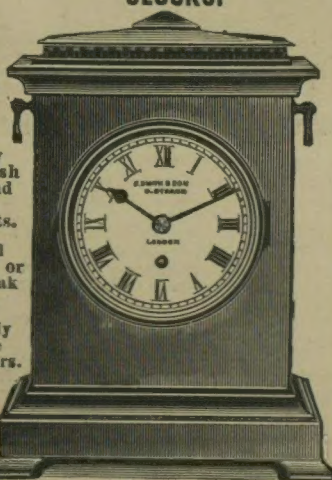
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated May 22, 1897) of MR. CLEMENT WILLIAM HARDY COZENS-HARDY, of Cley Hall, Norfolk, who died on April 27, was proved on Aug. 10 by Mrs. Helen Ferneley Cozens-Hardy, the widow, and Arthur Wrigley Cozens-Hardy and Fernely Cozens-Hardy, the sons, the value of the property being £56,714. He gives £5000 to his son Ferneley; £2000 each to his daughters, Mrs. Edith Burton and Mrs. Alice Mary Evershed; £1000, horses and carriages to the value of £200, the use of Cley Hall, and £300 per annum to his wife. All his manors, lands, and premises, and the residue of his personal property he leaves to his son, Arthur Wrigley Cozens-Hardy.

The will (dated July 27, 1900) of MR. HARRY GEORGE TATTERSALL, of The Manor House, Newton Longville, Bucks, a partner in the firm of Messrs. Tattersall, Albert Gate, who died on April 23, has been proved by Mr. Rupert Reeve Tattersall, the brother, and Mr. Lewis Rendell, the value of the estate being £25,931. The testator gives £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Eveline Christine Tattersall, and £100 each to his executors. The residue of the property he leaves to his wife for life and then for his children.

The will (dated July 20, 1905) of MR. EDWARD RAWLINGS, of Richmond House, Wimbledon Common, who died on June 30, was proved on Aug. 1 by Mrs. Agnes Elizabeth Rawlings, the widow, the value of the estate being £211,621. The testator gives £21,000 and his freehold house and grounds to his wife; £1000 to his sister Emily Nichol, and £9000, in trust, for her and her children; £2000 each to the nephews and nieces of

himself and wife and £1000 each to their children; £1000 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, the Baptist Missionary Society, and the Religious Tract Society; £500 each to the London City Mission, the Disabled Missionaries Fund of the London City Mission, and the National Pension Fund for Nurses; and many other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and then as she shall appoint to his sister, nephews and nieces, and their issue.

The will (dated June 13, 1905) of MR. JONAS WOOLF, of 54, Russell Square, who died on June 11, was proved on Aug. 3 by Mrs. Rosetta Woolf, the widow, and Abraham Woolf, Maurice Woolf, and Charles Moss Woolf, the sons, the value of the property being £47,072. Subject to the gift of £250 each to his executors, and the household furniture to his wife, he leaves everything he should die possessed of in trust for Mrs. Woolf while she remains his widow. On her death or remarriage he gives £8000 each to his three sons, £3000 to his daughter Ethel Freedman, £3000, in trust, for his daughter Kate Levine, £2000 each to his daughters Amelia Lynes, Sophie Blagberg, and Edith Reed; £1000 each to his daughters Annie Goldberg and Ethel Teller; and the ultimate residue to his sons.

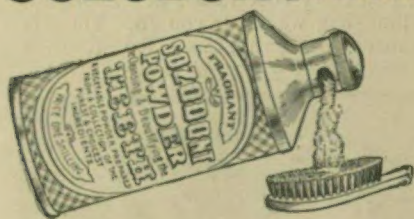
The will (dated Sept. 11, 1896) of MR. CHARLES JONES ORMEROD, of Greenroyd, Rastrick, Halifax, who died on June 29, was proved on Aug. 7 by George Frederick Ormerod, Charles Ormerod, and Arthur Hoyle Ormerod, the sons, the value of the estate being £124,948. The testator gives £6000, in trust, for his son John Hanson, and £1000 to his son Hanson on his coming of age. The residue of his property is to be held, in trust,

until his son Hanson attains twenty-five years of age, when he gives £15,000, in trust, for each of his daughters Clara Elizabeth, Florence, and Mary Beatrice; £5000 to and £15,000 in trust for his son William; £4000 to and £15,000 in trust for his son Hanson; and the ultimate residue to his sons George Frederick, Charles, and Arthur Hoyle.

The will (dated May 27, 1903) of SIR THOMAS RICHARDSON, of Kirklevington Grange, Yorkshire, who died on May 22, was proved on Aug. 7 by Dame Anna Constance Richardson, the widow, Thomas Richardson, the son, and William Barclay Peat, the value of the estate amounting to £138,507. The testator gives to his wife £500, and during her widowhood the use of his residence and £2500 a year, to be reduced to £2000 should she reside elsewhere; and £250 to William Barclay Peat. During the life of his wife or until she shall again marry, the remainder of the income from his property is to be divided among his children. Subject thereto he gives £10,000 each to his children, a further £30,000 to his son Thomas, and the ultimate residue in equal shares to his children.

Some new Great Northern carriages, which have just been built, and began to run on Aug. 17 on the non-stop expresses between King's Cross, Sheffield, and Manchester, represent the very latest development in luxurious travel. The new train, which consists of first and third class dining-cars, to which are vestibuled side corridor-carriages, is lighted throughout with electricity, beautiful clusters of electric lights being fitted in the roof; whilst in the dining-car table-lamps with artistic shades are also provided.

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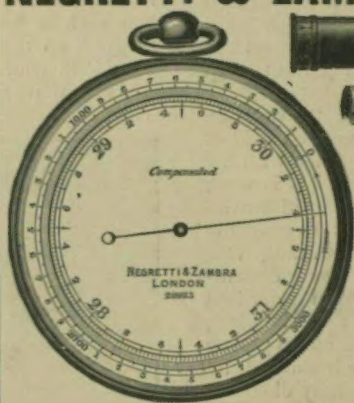


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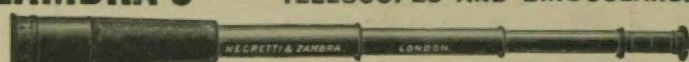
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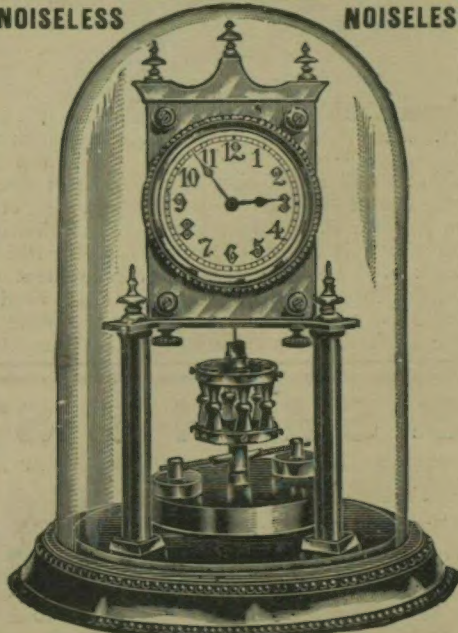
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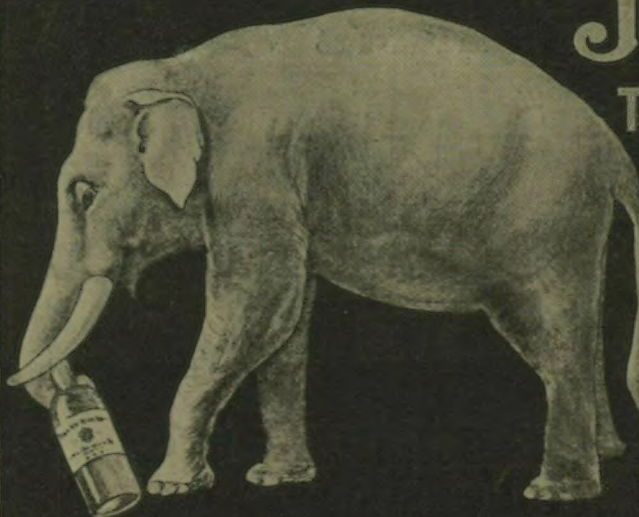


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